This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

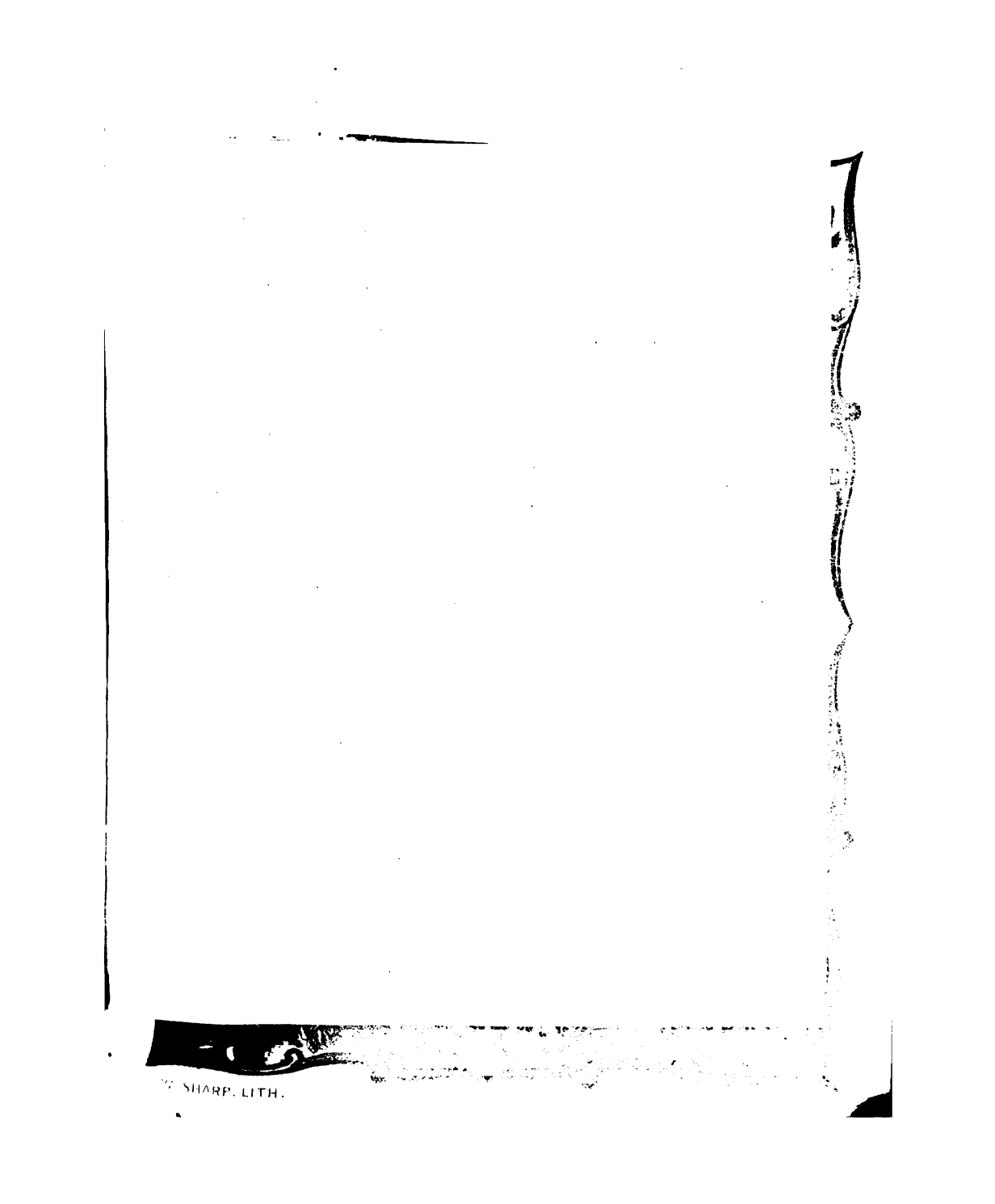
WIDENER
HN MXBJ $

AL 32.8.65

Harvard College Library

Bought with
Money received from
Library Fines.

1 Feb. 1901



W. SHARP. LITH.

W. SHARP. LITH.

CHRISTMAS ROSES,

AND

NEW YEAR'S GIFT,

FOR

1849.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY PHILLIPS & SAMPSON.
1849.

AL 328.65

Fine money.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by
PHILLIPS & SAMPSON,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

CAMBRIDGE:
METCALF AND COMPANY,
PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In the returning season of presents, the publishers of this little volume take great pleasure in saying a word or two to their juvenile friends, of the past and present, and of renewing their pledges again for the future.

It is now two years since we introduced ourselves to the young Masters and Misses, by furnishing them what we thought they had long deserved, viz., a more elevated gift-book, suitable for birth-days and holidays. Although formerly we appeared under a different title, yet, so far as size, embellishments, and external dress are concerned, the "Christmas Roses" is intended as a fitting link in the long chain of acquaintance, of which it is hoped this is but the beginning.

No pains have been spared in engaging talent in its editorial department, by which we feel warranted in promising that amusement will be found the happy associate of information.

Should it be so found, and should this new-comer be cheered on as a welcome visitor, by the sweet smiles of our juvenile friends, new courage and new aid will be invoked in the early preparation of a worthy successor to this.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	ENGRAVERS.	PAGE
THE ONLY SON,	RITCHIE.	
COLORED VIGNETTE,	SHARP.	
JEANNETTE,	RITCHIE,	47
MY PLAYMATE,	RITCHIE,	83
THE HEIRESS,	RITCHIE,	119
PET KITTEN,	RITCHIE,	140

PROEM.

BY THE EDITOR.

"SEE my Christmas Roses!" exclaimed little Alice, as she rushed, with a new book in her hand, into the room where her mother and sisters were sitting; "only see my beautiful Christmas Roses!"

"*Christmas Roses!*" said Jane, (who prided herself upon having some budding opinions of her own.) "Well, for my part, I prefer all things in their proper season, flowers especially. Nobody loves roses better than I do, but I like them in their own place, in the garden, and in summer. Parlor and greenhouse roses are *so much* trouble, and, after all, the best of them look so pale and sickly; really, I do not think they at all pay for the care bestowed upon them."

"I don't know that," said Annie, (she was just beginning to indulge her imagination a little.) "How happy mamma and sister Lucy are with their winter

plants; they seem to enjoy every fresh green leaf. I think their happy looks are something like beautiful flowers. And then the pleasure of having, at this cold season, a bouquet for a sick friend. No summer rose can be so sweet, because to its own fragrance is added the consciousness of giving such unexpected pleasure. Such happy feelings seem to me so like beautiful flowers, that if I had them at this moment I should call *them* my Christmas Roses."

She blushed at her own enthusiasm, and looked appealingly at her sister Lucy, the kind elder sister, to whom, in difficulty, appeal was always made. Lucy smiled encouragement upon Annie.

She herself was quietly and patiently repairing a little piece of mischief which Alice had caused. In her anxiety to display her book she had become entangled in the yarn of her sister's knitting, which had fallen upon the floor. It was broken—and worse, in her haste to pick up the work, she pulled out the needles, and the stitches were sadly disarranged. Alice stood by, looking so frightened, yet so grateful to her sister, who only said, "Never

mind, Alie dear, I should have taken better care of my work."

"I am sure here is another Rose for me," said Annie.

"Yes," said her mother, "kind words and kind deeds in our lives do certainly make us happy, somewhat like our beautiful flowers. And though their influence is much more lasting than the pleasure caused by the fragrance and beauty of flowers, still these last are worth cultivating *even in winter*, Jane, because they add freshness and warmth to our hearts, and quicken our sensibility to the beautiful and good." She looked at Annie, who was delighted by her mother's ready sympathy with her feelings.

Just at this time Charlie ran in, calling upon all to come out and see his snow-man. And their father, who had entered before, added to Annie's gratification by saying, as he patted the rosy cheeks of his little boy, "Here are Christmas Roses for you, and of the best kind too!"

As all hastened laughing into the garden after their brother, Annie said, "Two new Roses for my winter garden, health and cheerfulness."

The mother looked at her happy children. The look said, though she did not speak, "*These are my Roses.*"

Then the children agreed when they came back to sit down and read little Alie's new book, which had caused so much talk — the book called CHRISTMAS ROSES.

CHRISTMAS ROSES.

CHRISTMAS ROSES.

FROM "SISTER LUCY."

THERE was once a poor woman, who lived with her two children in a little cottage in a garden near the city. The gardener, her husband, was dead, and had left nothing behind him but the garden, which she now cultivated herself, only occasionally hiring a laborer to do the heavy work. She performed all the rest herself, with the help of her willing and active children. When the weather was dry these children watered the plants that were in pots night and morning; they weeded the flower-beds, helped their mother to plant and sow, tied up the pinks and carnations, and were never idle. But the work which they liked best was to gather the

flowers which their garden produced, and to make them up into beautiful wreaths and nosegays. In this employment they showed particular skill. They knew how to arrange the different-colored flowers, and to dispose the leaves with so much taste that their bouquets and garlands always received the preference over those of other gardeners. The children were very modest and civil, always found a kind reception and a ready sale for their flowers, at all the houses in the city where they called; and sometimes they received orders for birth-day and christening feasts, when their wreaths, &c., were liberally paid for.

Thus Julius and Marietta helped their good mother. By the sale of the vegetables, herbs, fruits and flowers of their garden, they managed to live comfortably, without knowing or fearing want. They were very happy too, for God had blessed them with cheerful and contented hearts. The mother loved her children, because they were good and dutiful; and Julius and Marie loved each other, as brother and sister ought to do. They always shared whatever they had; every labor was per-

formed by both; every game of play or childish pleasure was enjoyed together; and not an apple or a pear could taste good to one, unless the other had first the half of it.

Once, in the depth of winter, little Julius became very ill. His mother was alarmed, and sent for the most skilful physician in the city. He came, looked at the patient, felt his pulse, shook his head gravely, and asked for writing materials. He then directed his prescription to be taken to the apothecary; and when obtained, the medicine was to be taken every hour. So Marietta made all the haste she could, and Julius took a spoonful; the next hour a second; then the third and fourth. But he grew worse. His mother watched all night by the side of his little couch. Marietta wished to sit up too, but her mother desired her to go to bed, that she might be stronger and more able to attend to her brother the next day. She obeyed. Her sleep was, however, short and uneasy; her trouble about her brother caused her to have anxious and fearful dreams; and she rose long before daylight and went to the sick bed.

"How is Julius? Is he any better?" she inquired. Her mother wept and shook her head. Julius was so weak that he could not raise his head from the pillow; but he looked at his sister and said, "Ah! Marietta, I must die. We shall never work in the garden together any more, nor play in the evening."

Then poor Marietta sobbed and said, "No; dear, dear Julius! thou must get well again."

In the mean time their mother dried her tears, and told Marietta to run quickly to the city and entreat the doctor to come as soon as he could.

Now the physician had a good many sick people to visit, and had to rise and go out very early, in order to complete his round in the short winter days. Marietta made all the speed that she could, and did not observe, as she went along, that several houses were brightly lighted up, and that children within were rejoicing over their Christmas presents —for it was indeed Christmas morning.

Marietta found the physician at home, and gave her mother's message to him as he sat at breakfast in his parlor. "My good child!" said he, "I would

go with you if I could do your brother any good. Where is the herb that can cure death? If my medicine has not done him any good it is not in my power to save him."

With this cold answer the poor little maiden left the house. When she got into the street the tears gushed from her eyes, and she had often to stop on her way home, so violent was her sorrow.

When she reached the garden she sat down on the stone bench near the entrance of the cottage, which she had not courage to enter. Her mother was aware of her being there and went out to her. "Marietta, why don't you come in? What says the doctor? Will he come very soon?" Marietta shook her head, but could not speak a word.

"Why not!" exclaimed the poor anxious mother. "Because — because," sobbed Marietta, "for death no curing herb can grow. He cannot help us; God only can help."

"Ah!" said her mother, "this is what I have feared. O God! do thou help us. Thou art the only stay of the afflicted." She covered her face and wept aloud; but she soon regained her calm-

ness, and went in to her sick child. Marietta remained sitting in silence and grief; at last she prayed:—

"O, good God and Father! My little brother is ill, and the doctor can do him no good. Do thou help him, and make him well again. Let him not die, else I shall have no brother, and poor mother and I will be left alone. Mother will be so grieved! Let her not have this sorrow — she is so good! Oh! save our dear Julius!"

The daylight had come by this time. The fog rose up from the river, and was wafted by the morning breeze over the garden. Marietta raised her eyes as she ended her simple prayer, and beheld a bright light in the rose-arbor, now bare of its leaves, which was at the other end of the garden, and heard her own name called in a soft voice, "Marie! Marie!" She went to the spot. There stood a figure in shining robes; a fragrant veil fell in rich folds from head to foot, concealing the shape and countenance; a crown of silver stars, studded with sparkling diamonds, encircled the head and secured the veil. Marietta stood with her hands folded, in silent reverence.

The figure repeated her name in a gentle tone, and asked her if she had received a Christ-gift.

"Ah!" replied Marietta, "my brother is so ill I did not remember the holy time. But the Christ-child used to bring us playthings and new clothes; now I shall never wish for any more, for I shall never play again. All my pleasure will be gone when Julius can no more play and rejoice with me."

"But the holy child can bring other gifts than toys and trifles. Take these flowers to thy brother; though thou hast not remembered the Christ-child, yet he has not forgotten thee, because thou art a good, affectionate girl."

At these words the veil was raised, and Marie received in her hands a small flower-vase of porcelain, with golden stripes, which contained several white flowers in blossom. Then the spirit vanished, and a light vapor floated over the garden, brightened by the rays of the rising sun.

Tne little girl felt wonderfully comforted, and carried the vase with the white flowers into the chamber. The mother had just raised up her brother with one arm under the pillow, and with the

other was holding a cup of tea to his lips. Julius saw his sister enter, and beckoned feebly to her with his hand. When she came near, he asked in a whisper, "Are those flowers out of our garden?"

"No," answered Marietta, while she placed the flower-pot on the bed; "No; I do believe they are from Heaven's garden. The Christ-child has sent them to you."

The mother looked at the vase and flowers with amazement; she had never seen anything like them before. Marietta related the circumstance exactly, as well as she could.

In the mean time Julius had smelled at the flowers and felt revived. His eyes became brighter; a little color came to his cheeks; he stretched out his hand to his sister, saying, "These sweet flowers have sent my headache away." He would not part with them, but held them to his nose continually, and grew better apace.

Towards noon he could raise himself up without assistance; and in the evening he was able to sit up and eat his supper at the table, while his mother made his bed. He slept soundly all night long, and

felt himself so well in the morning that he got up and dressed himself as usual. The mother and children kissed each other, and stood round the wonder-working, beautiful vase and flowers, wetting them with tears of glad and grateful emotion.

Henceforward, Julius and Marietta lived healthy and happy; continued good, pious children; and were the delight and comfort of their good mother.

The Christmas flowers were taken out of the precious vase and planted in the open garden. The roots spread and increased very much; so that many people came and purchased the roots at a high price and planted them in their gardens. In the dark days of winter, when the frost had locked up the earth, and all other flowers slept deep hidden in their buds and germs, then these lovely white blossoms appeared amongst the withered leaves which the trees had scattered over the garden, and were welcomed with delight. Yet the healing virtues and restoring power were imparted to the Christmas roses only when conveyed by a heavenly visitant to the homes of peace and good will.

THE SON.

Dear child! whom sleep can hardly tame,
As live and beautiful as flame,
Thou glancest round my graver hours
As if thy crown of wild-wood flowers
Were not by mortal forehead worn,
But on the summer breeze were borne,
Or on a mountain streamlet's waves
Came glistening down from dreamy caves.

In spite of all foreboding fear,
A thing thou art of present cheer;
And thus to be beloved and known,
As is a rushy fountain's tone,
As is the forest's leafy shade,
Or blackbird's hidden serenade.
Thou art a flash that lights the whole;
A gush from nature's vernal soul.

And yet, dear child! within thee lies
A power that deeper feeling gives,

That makes thee more than light or air,
Than all things sweet and all things fair;
And sweet and fair as aught may be,
Diviner life belongs to thee;
For mid thine aimless joys began
The perfect Heart and Will of Man.

OLE LUCKÖIE.

Ole Lucköie, that is, "old kind-hearted Ole," is he whose business it is in every family to close the children's eyes when they go to bed—in short, to sing them their lullaby.—[Note.]

As soon as the children are asleep, good old Ole seats himself at the foot of their bed. He is well dressed; his coat is of silken stuff; but to say what color it is would be an impossibility, for it is so glossy, and is green, and red, and blue, according as he turns. Under each arm he carries an umbrella; one with pictures, which he holds over the good children, and then they dream the whole night the prettiest stories; and one on which there is nothing, and this one he holds over naughty children, who then sleep on dully the whole night, and when they awake in the morning have dreamed nothing at all.

Let us hear how Ole came to a little boy called Hjalmar, and what he related to him.

"Now, then, listen to me!" said the kind old

man, when he had got Hjalmar to bed. "Now I'll show you a pretty sight!" and suddenly all the flowers in the flower-pots were changed into great trees, that spread their long branches up to the very ceiling, and along the walls, so that the whole room looked like the prettiest bower; and all the boughs were full of flowers, and every flower was more beautiful than a rose, and smelt delightfully. If one chose to eat it, it tasted sweeter than sugar-plums. The fruits shone like gold; and plum-cakes were there almost bursting with raisins; there was nothing could be compared to it! But at the same moment a terrible lamentation was heard in the table-drawer, where Hjalmar's school-books were lying.

"What's that?" said Ole, going to the drawer and pulling it out. There lay the slate, on which the figures were pushing and knocking each other; for a wrong number had got into the sum, so that the whole was on the point of breaking down; the pencil jumped and hopped about, chained as he was to the slate by a piece of string, just like a dog; he wanted to help the sum, but was not able. And a little further lay Hjalmar's copy-book; here, too,

was a moaning and lamentation within. On every leaf, from top to bottom, were capital letters, each with a small one beside it, and so all the way down.

That was the copy; and by these some other letters were standing, that fancied they looked like them. Hjalmar had written these; but they lay pretty much as if they had tumbled over the pencil-line on which they were meant to stand.

"Look! you must stand so!" said the copy; "look! so, sideways, with a bold front."

"Oh! we should be glad enough to do so," said Hjalmar's letters, "but we can't; we are such poor wretched creatures."

"Then you must have some pepper," said Ole.

"Oh, no!" they all cried, and stood so upright that it was a pleasure to look at them.

"Well, I can't tell you any more stories now," said the kind old man; "I must go and drill the letters; one, two! one, two! one, two!" And then they stood as straight and as well as only a copy can stand; but when Ole went away, and Hjalmar looked at them next morning, there they were all just as wretched-looking as before.

As soon as Hjalmar was in bed the next night, Ole touched all the furniture in the room with his magic wand, and it immediately began to speak; and each thing spoke of itself.

Over the chest of drawers there hung a large picture in a gilded frame. It was a landscape; and in it were to be seen high old trees, flowers in the grass, and a broad piece of water, with a river that flowed round the wood, past many castles, away into the mighty sea.

The kind old man touched the picture with his wand, and the birds began to sing, the boughs of the trees moved, and the clouds floated by, so that one could see their shadows moving over the landscape. Ole now lifted Hjalmar up to the frame, and Hjalmar put his feet in the picture, right in among the high grass, and there he stood. He ran to the water and seated himself in a little boat; it was painted red and white, the sails shone like silver, and six swans, with golden chains around their necks, and a brilliant blue star on their heads, drew the boat past a green wood, where the trees related stories of robbers and witches, and the flowers told

about the pretty little elves, and about what the butterflies had said to them.

The most beautiful fishes, with scales like gold and silver, swam after the boat; sometimes they gave a jump, so that they made a splashing in the water; and birds, red and blue, large and small, came flying behind in two long rows; the gnats danced, and the chafers hummed; they all would accompany Hjalmar, and each one had a story to tell.

That was an excursion! Sometimes the woods were thick and gloomy; now they were like the most pleasing gardens, full of flowers and sunshine, and there were two large castles of marble and crystal. On the balconies princesses were standing, all of whom were quite little girls, acquaintances of Hjalmar, with whom he had often played. They stretched out their hands, each one holding the nicest little sucking-pig imaginable, made of sugar; and Hjalmar took hold of one end as he sailed by, and a princess held the other; so that each got a piece—she the smaller and he the larger one. Before each castle little princes were standing sentry; they

shouldered arms with their golden swords, and sent down showers of raisins and games of soldiers. They were the right sort of princes. Hjalmar now sailed through a wood, now through large halls, or the middle of a town; he passed, too, through the town where his nurse lived, she who had carried him about when he was quite a little boy, and had loved him so dearly. She nodded and beckoned to him, and sang the pretty verse which she had composed herself and had sent to Hjalmar:

"I think of thee, my darling, I think of thee, my joy,
At morning and at evening, my little prattling boy;
For I it was who treasured the first words which thy tongue
In infancy did utter, and on thy accents hung.
'T was I who kissed thy forehead; 't was I who kissed thy cheek,
So rosy and so dimpled, when thou didst try to speak;
And I have rocked thy cradle, and sung thy lullaby,
And watched till thine eyes opened, as blue as the blue sky.

And so thou wast a part of my life and of my joy!
No! ne'er shall I forget thee, my darling, darling
boy!"

And all the birds sang too, the flowers danced on their stems, and the old trees bowed their heads, while the kind-hearted old man told his story.

"It is incredible what a quantity of old people are always wanting to have me," said Ole Luckŏie; "particularly those who have done something wicked! 'Good, dear Ole Luckŏie,' say they to me, 'we cannot close our eyes; and we lie the whole night and see all our misdeeds, that sit like little ugly goblins at the foot of the bed, and sprinkle us with hot water. Do come and drive them away, that we may get a little sound sleep!' And then they heave deep sighs. 'We will willingly pay you—good night, Ole; the money lies on the window-sill!' But I don't do it for money," said the old man.

"What shall we undertake to night?" said Hjalmar.

"Why, I don't know if you would like to go to a

wedding," said Ole. "Your sister's large doll, that looks like a man, and is called Herman, is to marry the doll Bertha; besides, it is her birthday; so many presents will arrive."

"Yes, I know," said Hjalmar; "every time the doll wants new clothes, my sister says it is her birthday, or her wedding. That has happened a hundred times already for certain."

"Yes, but to-night is the wedding for the hundred-and-first time; and after it has happened a hundred and one times, then all is over. This time, therefore, it will be unparalleled; only look!"

And Hjalmar looked on the table. There stood the little pasteboard baby-house, with lights in the windows, and before the door were all the leaden soldiers presenting arms; the wedding pair were sitting on the floor, leaning thoughtfully against the leg of the table. Then Ole Luckŏie put on grandmamma's black gown, and married them. When the wedding was over, all the furniture in the room began singing the following song, which the lead-pencil had written for the occasion:

"Ho, for the bridegroom! and ho, for the bride
That 's standing beside him in beauty's pride!
Her skin it is made of a white kid glove,
And on her he looks with an eye of love.
Joy to the husband, and joy to the wife,
And happiness too, and a long, long life!"

And then presents were made them; but no eatables were given; this they had themselves desired; for they had quite enough with love.

"Shall we go into the country now, or make a tour abroad?" asked the bridegroom; and the swallow, who was a great traveller, and the old hen in the court, that had brooded six times, were called in to give their advice; and the swallow related about the beautiful warm countries where large and clustering grapes hang on the vines, where the air is mild, and where the mountains have tints that are here unknown.

"But you have not our green cabbages there," said the hen. "I passed one summer in the country, with all my young family; there was a sand-pit there, in which we could go and scratch; besides

that, we were allowed to be in a garden full of green cabbages. Oh, how green it was! I cannot imagine anything more lovely!"

"But one cabbage-head looks just like the other," said the swallow; "and then here you have so often bad weather."

"One is accustomed to it," said the hen.

"But it is cold here, it freezes!"

"That is good for the cabbage," said the hen. "Besides, it can be warm here too. Had we not four years ago a summer that lasted five weeks? It was so hot that one could hardly breathe. Moreover, here are none of the poisonous animals that are found abroad. Here we have no robbers! He must be a blockhead that does not think our country the finest in the world! Such a one does not deserve to live in it!" And at these words tears ran down the hen's cheeks. "I have travelled too! I have travelled in a hamper more than twelve miles. There is no such great pleasure in travelling that I can see!"

"Yes, the hen is a sensible person," said the doll Bertha. "I have no great wish to travel over

mountains either; for that is nothing else but going up and then coming down again. No, we will take a trip to the sand-pit, and go walking in the cabbage-garden."

And so the matter was settled.

"Am I to hear a story?" said little Hjalmar, another night, as soon as the good-natured Ole had got him to sleep.

"We have no time this evening," said Ole, spreading out his handsomest umbrella over him. "Look at these Chinese!" And the large umbrella looked like a great china plate, with blue trees and painted bridges, full of little Chinese standing and nodding their heads.

"We must get the whole in order for to-morrow," said Ole Luckŏie; "to-morrow is a holy day, it is Sunday. I must go up to the church-tower, to see if all the little church-sprites have polished the bells, that they may sound melodiously. I must away into the fields, to see if the winds have swept the dust from the grass and the leaves; I must take down all the stars and polish them. I take them all in my apron; but they must first be numbered,

and the holes where they belong must be numbered too, so that each may get his right place again, otherwise they would not sit tight; and we should have a quantity of falling stars if one after the other were to tumble down."

"I 'll tell you what, Mr. Ole Luckõie," said an old portrait, that hung on the wall near which Hjalmar slept. "I am Hjalmar's great-grandfather. I am very much obliged to you for telling the boy pretty stories, but you must not set his ideas in confusion. Stars cannot be taken down and polished. Stars are globes like our world, and that is the very best thing about them."

"Many thanks, old great-grandfather!" said Ole. "Very many thanks! You are, it is true, an old great-grandfather, but I am older than you. I am an old heathen; the Greeks and Romans named me the God of Dreams. I have been in the houses of the great, and still go there. I know how to deal with great and little! Now, then, do you tell a story!" And old Ole went away, and took his umbrella with him.

"Now-a-days one dares not say what one thinks!" murmured the old portrait.

And here Hjalmar awoke.

"Good evening," said Ole on Sunday night; and Hjalmar nodded, and ran quickly to the portrait of his great-grandfather, and turned it with the face to the wall, in order that it might not mix in the conversation as it did yesterday evening.

"Now you must tell me a story about the five green peas that lived in a pea-shell, and of the darning-needle that wanted to be fine, and fancied itself a sewing-needle."

"One can have too much of a good thing," said Ole. "I will rather show you something. I will show you my brother; but he never comes but once; and when he does come to anybody he takes him on his horse, and tells him stories. He knows only two; the one is indescribably beautiful, such as no one in the world can imagine; and the other is so horrible and frightful — I cannot say how dreadful!" And he lifted little Hjalmar up to the window, and said, "There, look at my brother, the other Ole; he is, it is true, sometimes called

Death! You see, he does not look half so horrid as he is made in the picture-books, where he is all bones. All that is silver embroidery that he has on his dress! It is the richest hussar uniform! A cloak of black velvet flies behind him over his horse. Look! how he gallops!"

And Hjalmar saw how Ole Luckŏie's brother rode away, and took the young and the old up with him on his horse. Some he set before him, and others behind; but he always asked first what testimonials they had.

"Oh, good ones," said they all. "Yes, but let me look myself," said he; and then they were obliged to show him the book; and all those who had "VERY GOOD," or "PARTICULARLY GOOD," came before him on horseback, and heard the beautiful story; but those who had "PRETTY WELL," or "BAD," in their books, were obliged to get behind and hear the dreadful one. They trembled and cried, and wanted to jump down from the horse, but they could not, for they and the horse had grown together.

"But Death is the more beautiful of the two," said Hjalmar; "I am not afraid of him."

"Nor should you be," said Ole; "only take care that you have a good certificate in your book."

"Yes, that is instructive," murmured the great-grandpapa's portrait; "it is, however, a good thing to express one's opinion, after all;" and the old gentleman was pleased.

JEANNETTE.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away;
For never saw I mien or face,
In which I could more plainly trace
Benignity and homebred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Thou wearest on thy forehead clear,
The freedom of a mountaineer.
A face with gladness overspread,
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful?
Oh, happy pleasure! here to dwell,
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess!

PREJUDICE.

PREJUDICE is often supposed to be a disagreeable peculiarity, belonging only to the old; and certainly, like many other faults, it is much more difficult to correct when age has confirmed the bad habit of forming hasty and obstinate conclusions, without knowledge, and often without reason. It is of very little use talking to the old about the evils of prejudice, because they generally reply somewhat to this effect; "It is *my* way of thinking, and that is enough." It is of little use, either, telling them how many pleasures they deprive themselves of, by their prejudice; for they tell you they are quite pleased, and that also is enough. How many good feelings they are thus content to shut up in their hearts without exercise or use, they do not tell us; and it is only by their wasted kindness, and scanty means of enjoyment, we discover how great has been their loss, in a world where there is so much to be enjoyed.

Incurable as the old may be in this respect, the young are not so; and it is a great pity to set out in life with our eyes wilfully closed to anything which it would be an advantage to ourselves or others that we should see: — the good qualities of our friends, and acquaintances, for instance; the agreeableness even of occasional companions; and the information, intelligence, and superior merit, of those who have it in their power to instruct, improve, and enlighten us.

Caroline Bentley had often been told by her mother that she was foolishly making up her mind to dislike people who were really worthy of her esteem; but to this admonition she paid very little regard. She thought it clever to make up her mind, to make it up at once, conclusively, and not to allow it to be unmade again for any purpose of kindness, or good-will; not even for the sake of letting in a greater amount of light, to show her what she ought to like or dislike. Like most other persons under the influence of strong prejudice, she appeared to find it easier, or more pleasant, to make up her mind *against*, than *in favor* of, things in general, particu-

larly against persons who were introduced to her as being in any way superior; though at the same time she adhered almost obstinately to those she did like, maintaining that they had not a single fault, and that they and their connections were superior to all the rest of the world. This was the case with one of her school-fellows, Ellen Manners, with whose family history she had made herself intimately acquainted; and on returning home, so often was the name of Ellen Manners upon her lips, so constantly were the opinions and habits of her friend's family referred to, as the highest authority on all occasions, that her own family, her brothers in particular, began to be a little annoyed to hear so often of this wonderful Ellen Manners, whom they had never seen. This, however, was not all. Ellen had an uncle — "a dear Uncle Granville — such a charming name, and such a dear man — quite a philosopher — a travelled man, who had seen the world, and knew everything."

"I wish you would never speak of that old uncle again," said James Bentley one day to his sister; and he spoke so sharply, that the tears started into

her eyes; for Caroline was a very sensitive young lady, and could feel very sincerely for those whom she really did like, though they were but few.

"I am sure Ellen's uncle is not old," said she, half crying, as if that had been a most injurious charge; "and, besides, he has gone through so much. Oh! I could tell you such a history of his griefs — only you don't deserve to hear it."

"I really don't think I do," said James. "Besides which, I doubt whether I should wait to hear it to the end, for I can think of nothing but this delightful journey. Mamma, do you think Dr. Grant will really go with us?"

"I begin to hope he will," replied Mrs. Bentley.

"That will be charming!" exclaimed James, "he is such a noble fellow. He knows everything, and he can be so funny, too."

"Sometimes," said Mrs. Bentley, rather gravely.

"What a recommendation!" observed Caroline, with the utmost contempt — "to choose a companion for a journey, because he is funny! I really wish I might be allowed to remain at home."

"Why so?" asked her mother.

"I dislike all people who are described as funny," replied Caroline.

"I suppose Uncle Granville never laughs," said James. "Oh, no. I see him exactly as he is. He wears a Welsh wig, and walks with an old crooked stick, and mumps and mumbles as I do now." So saying, he hobbled out of the room, with his head drooped forward, and his shoulders somewhat higher than his ears, followed by the indignant looks of his sister Caroline.

"Did you ever see this uncle of Miss Manners?" asked Mrs. Bentley.

"No," replied Caroline, rather hesitatingly. "I cannot say that I have exactly, but I know all about him just the same."

"And pray what do you know?" asked Mrs. Bentley, "that you consider him so much more interesting than your father's friend, Dr. Grant?"

"I am quite certain," replied Caroline, "that Dr. Grant is some dry, pedantic old gentleman, because he talks about chemistry, and goes knocking about with a hammer amongst rocks, trying

to find out the different strata of which they are composed."

"And if you associated with men of science and general intelligence," said her mother, "you would find many of the greatest philosophers of the present day engaged in the same manner."

"Oh! my friend's uncle," said Caroline, "is quite a different man from that; though, as he understands everything, there is no doubt but he has studied geology amongst the rest."

"Pray describe him to me," said her mother.

"I should say, in the first place," observed Caroline, "that he was a man of feeling — quite a martyr to his affections; and yet so desolate — so lonely. Ah, dear mamma, he has suffered so much, and yet no one ever hears him complain. He has such a beautiful calm on his countenance — such a resigned manner, you cannot think!"

"What is the nature of his affliction?" asked Mrs. Bentley.

"He has lost all!" replied Caroline, "everything in the world — wife — children — property — everything!"

"He is a widower, then," observed Mrs. Bentley, rather more indifferently than her daughter liked.

"I suppose so," replied Caroline, "for he lost his wife in early life; indeed, he is himself still young, to have suffered so much. Oh, you never heard of such afflictions borne with such noble fortitude and Christian patience. I will endeavor to tell you, but really it distresses me almost too much. Ellen and I have cried ourselves to sleep many a time after talking of his afflictions."

Here followed a history, by no means uninteresting, though scarcely peculiar to this distinguished man. It consisted of an early marriage, a settlement in India, wasted wealth, and the melancholy return of the wife with two children to her paternal home, where, after the lapse of some tedious years, her strength appeared to be so far restored as to justify the attempt to join her husband again in India. His anxious expectation of the arrival of the vessel in which his wife and children had embarked, was dwelt upon with thrilling emotion by the young narrator; his feverish restlessness when

the expected time passed by without the eagerly anticipated arrival; the alarming rumors, that spread on every hand, of the wreck of an East India vessel, and the loss of nearly all the crew and passengers — the name of the vessel, which was told to the husband just at the very moment when he was watching a distant sail upon the ocean, and hoping it might be the long expected ship with his wife and children. Nor was this all. Caroline had also to tell of loss of property, and almost loss of life, in consequence of an alarming fever with which the poor sufferer was attacked after this heart-rending intelligence of his heavy loss had been fully confirmed. There was then the loss of a lucrative and honorable situation to tell of, the return of the lonely man to his native country, and his feeble and emaciated form to describe, his melancholy circumstances, without a home, or any nearer connections than a married sister, the mother of Ellen Manners; in whose family, however, he refused to become an inmate, but rather, with a nobility which was described as peculiar to himself, struggled on, a stranger in a harsh and cruel world, devoting himself

to literary pursuits, and thus earning a scanty and meagre subsistence. After all which, Caroline wound up her history by saying—"Is it not shocking, mamma, for a man with such a mind to be compelled to earn his daily bread?"

"I should think it much more shocking," replied her mother, "if, with such a mind, he was content to eat the bread of idleness and dependence."

"Ah! I find you do not quite appreciate him yet, or you could not speak of idleness," sighed Caroline. "But must I really go this journey, mamma? Is there no chance of my being excused? I could go and stay with Ellen, you know, during the time of your absence, and perhaps I should then realize the great wish of my heart by seeing her dear Uncle Granville."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Bentley, rather seriously, "the journey your father has so kindly planned for us is not one of pleasure merely, or I dare say you might be excused; if, indeed, under such circumstances, you could excuse yourself. With his accustomed desire for your improvement, your father has arranged, that, while he makes a little

journey of business and of philanthropy together, we shall enjoy the advantage of a journey of observation; and, in order to render it both instructive and interesting to the younger portion of the party, he has engaged for us the companionship of Dr. Grant, a gentleman well known in the scientific world."

"We are to go to Dublin, I think?" said Caroline, with a sigh.

"Have you any objection to Dublin?" asked her mother.

"No," replied, Caroline, "not particularly. Only I should prefer seeing some of the distressed parts of Ireland."

"So should I, if we could render any assistance, or be the means of doing any good," replied her mother. "The mere contemplation of distress as a picture, I confess, has no charms for me. If we attempt to remove or alleviate it, without efficient means, we only defeat our own ends, and become vexed, disappointed, and sometimes bitter; — if we look upon it without attempting any relief, we grow hardened, and indifferent, and learn in time to make excuses for not attempting to do the good we can."

Ten days from the time of this conversation, the travelling party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Bentley, their two sons, and Caroline, a maiden aunt, and Dr. Grant arrived in Dublin. It was rather a large party to travel much together, but as some were able to bear more fatigue than others, and as the objects of Mr. Bentley were different from those of the rest, they frequently separated, Dr. Grant and the boys making longer excursions into the country than the ladies were equal to.

Agreeably located in a pleasant hotel in Dublin, it was not difficult for this portion of the travelling party to amuse themselves in that beautiful city, and it so happened that the maiden aunt, who was Caroline's most frequent companion, had as strong prejudices as her niece, always opposed to those peculiarities of dress and manners which she considered indicative of persons not having been originally associated with what is called high life. Judging in this manner, Dr. Grant had become a very questionable individual to Aunt Harriet. He wore a hat which Caroline thought perfectly hideous, and, instead of the little pinched-up old man she had

expected to see, he was tall, active, and energetic, not having yet attained more than the age of forty.

"A low man, I have no doubt," observed Aunt Harriet, when alone with her niece; for they had peculiar pleasure in discussing this subject when alone, in laughing at what they called his awkwardness and want of knowledge of the world, and in finding every little fault they could with his dress, manners, and appearance, from the tie of his cravat to the thickness of the soles of his boots.

Alas, for the unconscious doctor! how little did he dream of being thus the object of such minute and curious observation! He and the boys were so busy, and apparently so happy, they had so much to do, so much to see, and so much to talk over when all was done, that whether they wore shoes or boots, or tied on a cravat at all, were points on which they scarcely spent a single thought.

"But why don't you go with us, Carry?" said her youngest brother to her one day, as they were preparing for an excursion amongst the mountains of Wicklow. "You would be so charmed with Dr. Grant. He really seems to know everything, and,

what is more, he is never tired of telling us what he knows. James and I are learning more with him than we did in a whole year at school; and then so pleasantly! Oh! he is a charming fellow; so funny, too; I never once thought he would turn out funny; but he tells such droll stories, and talks so pleasantly with the country-people, drawing out all their oddities, that we seem to know more of the Irish character in a week, than by all the books we could read in a year."

Caroline heard all this with a very scornful expression of countenance; but she was naturally kind-hearted, and fond of her brother, and did not like to damp his ardor by any ill-natured remark. She could not, however, withstand the temptation of asking Frank where he thought Dr. Grant had bought his hat.

"Ah! yes, to be sure," said Frank, "it is a little peculiar; but, do you know, I never thought about the hat before you put it into my head. I see it now; it *is* rather droll."

"And his cravat!" observed Caroline.

"Tied so," said Frank, laughing heartily.

"And his boots!" added Caroline.

"Large and easy," said Frank. "All the better for the miles we walk, and the hills we climb. Still I do think he has large feet, as you say. And, now I think of it, his figure altogether is rather clumsy. Is it not?"

"Not *rather*," said Caroline. "I should say *very*. Aunt Harriet thinks there is something of the village apothecary about the cut of his clothes."

"Now you talk of it," observed Frank, "I do think there is. But never mind that, Carry. Do come with us. I do assure you we have capital fun."

"What *you* call fun, perhaps," said Caroline; "but for my part, I could never endure the society of that man. He seems to me to talk of nothing but strata."

"Oh, but he does, though," said her brother, hastily. "Indeed, he talks about everything, and he talks well too. He has told us all about the history of Ireland, the places where battles were fought, the old families, the rebellions, and all that — as if he had been an Irishman himself; and then

he is quite an artist. You should see how he sketches! And he tells us about the fine arts."

"Perhaps he is a travelling artist himself, or a manufacturer of oil-paints, or something of that kind," suggested Caroline, with a sleepy yawn.

"Well, now again," said her brother, "what odd things you put into one's head! for he was actually describing to James the other day how the ancients managed their fresco painting, and when they found out the use of oils. How strange it is that I too begin to see Dr. Grant very differently from what I did! but he is a glorious fellow after all, and James won't hear a syllable against him."

Rather from weariness of her present situation, than from any desire to associate herself with such society, Caroline was brought at length to express a wish to accompany her brothers on a short tour through the county of Wicklow; and the weather being just then extremely favorable, Mrs. Bentley fell in with the wishes of her children, and the whole party, with the exception of Mr. Bentley, set out together. Even Aunt Harriet, having endeavored in vain to persuade her sister and niece to

remain in the city, was brought to a reluctant consent, though evidently indulging a secret determination not to join cordially in any of the enjoyments in which Dr. Grant held a prominent part. "Gentlemen," she said, "might associate, in the way of business, or even science, with whom they would. Who knew but Dr. Grant might settle near them in England, and marry, and expect Mrs. Bentley and herself to call upon his wife? No, no, it might do for the boys; but Caroline and herself must be careful what they did."

Caroline thought so too; but, somehow or other, she found herself listening day by day more to the conversation kept up between Dr. Grant and the boys, than to the chatterings of Aunt Harriet, whose conversation seldom went beyond the cut of a coat, the price of a fashionable silk, or, at its widest range, the visiting circle to which any one was accustomed. All this might do very well in the drawing-room of a little country-town, but even Caroline felt it to be a little out of place while gazing upon the bay of Dublin, so justly admired by all travellers; and, weary as one always is of being

fastened down to an extremely small talker, when there are great things to be admired and thought about, Caroline more than once exclaimed — "Ah! if I had but my friend Ellen Manners beside me, I do think I could be happy!"

"And what in the world makes you otherwise than happy?" said James Bentley, who had very little patience with his sister's prejudices. "Do you see that glorious sight? — the sea rolling in at the foot of those gigantic rocks, the white sails of the little fishing-vessels sparkling here and there like the wings of sea-gulls, and that steamer dashing in as if she tore up the sea below?"

Caroline, in spite of herself, caught something of her brother's enthusiasm. It was impossible to help it, for she was young, and they were happy; but still, whenever Dr. Grant took the lead in conversation, she managed to show by signs, a little too plain to be consistent with kindness or good breeding, that she did not always think it worth her while to listen to what he had to say. Nor was this all. There is a manner of refusing kind and almost necessary assistance, by which the feelings even of

a stranger may be wounded; and Dr. Grant, perceiving that Caroline would stumble over the roughest stones — nay, even run the risk of falling down a steep and slippery rock — rather than accept the guidance of his hand, soon ceased to offer her that attention which the nature of the path frequently rendered so desirable. By this means, she lost not only the benefit of his help where it was really needed, but the advantage of his conversation, which was still more important; while Dr. Grant, who had far too much to think about to trouble his head for more than a passing moment with the rudeness of a prejudiced and pettish girl, gladly offered his assistance to her mother; and not unfrequently Caroline found that she was left so far behind as to be entirely deprived of the amusement which was shared by the rest of the party.

How often is the loneliness, as well as the neglect, which young people feel so severely, entirely of their own choosing — the result of prejudice, which closes their eyes to the merit of others, or of self-love, which gives an undue importance to their own! There is no doubt but Caroline, little as she admired

Dr. Grant, would have liked very well for him to have gone back to fetch her, when she staid behind; but he was not the kind of a man to have done that, even if she had been older and more important. As it was, he most probably forgot her altogether. Indeed, all the party appeared to forget her, they were so intent at one time in collecting geological specimens to take home with them, at another in making sketches of the outlines of the distant mountains, at another in exploring the cottages of the poor, and always in seeing and hearing everything that was interesting around them.

The great inducement with Caroline to make this journey was to see the celebrated Powerscourt Waterfall. She had never seen a waterfall of any kind, and she had great expectations of enjoyment from the sight of this. As they approached the scene of her eager anticipations, the great black rock over which the stream precipitates itself was pointed out to her, and — "There — there is the waterfall!" was exclaimed by many voices at once.

"I see nothing," replied Caroline, "but a thin,

creamy-looking line creeping down the side of the rock."

"That is the waterfall," replied Dr. Grant.

"That!" exclaimed Caroline, and she sunk back in the carriage, overwhelmed with disappointment.

"It will improve, I dare say," suggested Frank, "as we get nearer; and after all, I don't care so much for the waterfall itself, as for climbing up the steep rocks beside it."

In fact, the two boys were still buoyed up with hope, for they had commenced their journey with a wise determination to make the best of everything, and not to think of being disappointed, as James expressed it, until they found something that was "really a *take-in.*" He might have found such things, had he travelled far enough.

On the present occasion, it was not so. The stream appeared to swell and widen as the travellers advanced, dashing here and there in its descent upon masses of black rock which threw the water off on either side, until at last it reached the boiling caldron into which it fell in one vast sheet of snowy foam, so dazzling, and yet so beautiful, that even

Caroline exclaimed with ecstasy, she wanted nothing but her friend to make her happiness complete.

"And her uncle?" said James, very saucily peeping over his sister's shoulder, and smiling in her face; but before she could reach him with the chastening slap on the cheek which was to correct his folly, he was gone, bounding like a deer over the green sward; for one great beauty of this waterfall is the smooth green turf and the shadowy trees amongst which it falls, and which, so strongly contrasted with the barren heights where it first commences its descent, present a picture of no common beauty.

There was something almost infectious to the heart of Caroline in the joy with which her brothers anticipated scrambling up the side of the mountains before them; and though Dr. Grant strongly advised her not to attempt so difficult an exploit, yet, possibly for that very reason, she determined not to be left behind. How far she afterwards repented of her decision, no one except her friend Ellen Manners ever knew.

Had Caroline been encouraged to make this

attempt by the hope of being through the day a distinguished person, she would have been grievously disappointed. She was the only lady of the party, her mother and aunt having more prudently determined to remain below; and poor Caroline soon found that she was sadly out of place amongst those who were eager and intent upon seeing all that could be seen, and carrying back with them all the different specimens of plants and pebbles which would be likely to aid their future studies. In botany, as well as geology, Dr. Grant was an able assistant; and, pleased with the intelligence and earnestness of the two boys, he spared no pains to give them whatever information they desired.

Amongst Caroline's many prejudices, she entertained a very strong one against science in all its practical forms. She thought philosophy ought to grow up in the human mind of itself, and she almost persuaded herself that it did so with those persons who are really worthy of admiration — her friend's Uncle Granville, for instance. She felt perfectly sure that he never used those hard-sounding and repulsive words, so familiar to the lips of Dr. Grant,

and for which she disliked him so much, and thought him so vulgar and common-place.

On the day of their ramble amongst the mountains, Caroline was particularly struck with this disagreeable peculiarity in her brothers' friend. While she was breathless with fatigue, they were discussing the classification of a plant; and while she was exclaiming with terror at the rocks they were surmounting, and the precipitous descent below, they were examining the nature of those rocks, and listening to descriptions of the situation in which they were generally found.

"I will never go with you again," said Caroline to her brothers that evening, "so long as Dr. Grant is of our party."

"I am afraid you will have but little chance of doing so," replied her brother James, "for I find he is expecting letters to-morrow which may render it necessary for him to leave us immediately, and then I don't care how soon we return home, for there will be no more good to be done here."

It was true as James had said. On the following day the expected letters came. Dr. Grant read

them with much apparent interest, but made no remark upon their contents until he met the anxious and inquiring looks of his two young friends. He saw plainly what they were so much wishing to know, and slightly shook his head. James was really distressed, and poor Frank betrayed his more susceptible feelings by the weakness of a veritable tear. Caroline expressed her astonishment by a contemptuous curl of her upper lip.

"I should not have wondered at you so much," said she to Frank, after Dr. Grant had left the room, "if he had any heart; but for a mere man of flints and pebbles, so much feeling is perfectly absurd."

"Oh, Caroline!" replied her brother, "you should not speak in that manner of one who has been so kind to us. You should have seen him on that unfortunate day when I sprained my ankle. He sat beside me bathing it until ten o'clock at night, and nothing could induce him to go out with James the next day, because he would not leave me alone at the inn."

"Probably he was tired," said Caroline, "and preferred avoiding any more fatigue."

"That could hardly be," replied Frank, "for he never spared himself if there was any place we wished to see. Nor was it to us alone that he was so kind. I do believe he walked three miles one day to see the poor sick mother of a little girl we found crying by the roadside. James and I thought she was only pretending; but he listened to her so patiently; and when she had led us to her mother's cottage — oh, Caroline! you never beheld such a scene of want and misery! If you could have heard the kind tones of his voice when he talked to the little girl and her mother, and the pains he took to mix the old woman some medicine for her fever, you would never say again he had no heart."

"I *thought* he was a village apothecary," exclaimed Caroline. "Aunt Harriet found him out at first."

"Well, all I can say," continued Frank, "is, that I never was half so sorry to part with any one in my life. And now we have but one day left, and then all will be over."

This one day was a more than usually pleasant one. The travellers spent it on the coast, amidst a wild and mountainous scene; — some in violent exercise, exploring lofty heights; others in wandering at the foot of the hills which they wanted strength or energy to climb. It happened once, towards the close of the day, that Caroline wandered along the shore, almost alone with Dr. Grant, for her brothers sometimes scampered off and left them, and once they did not return until she found herself actually in conversation with the person whom she had thus far considered so repulsive. On the present occasion her companion was very grave; and, apparently occupied with his own thoughts, he sat down beside her on the rocky beach, while a smooth sea rolled up towards their feet, with a silvery line of foam to mark the edge of every wave.

Caroline did not much like her situation, seated so near to such a man, and she looked earnestly after her brothers.

"They will soon return," said Dr. Grant, in a voice unusually deep and serious. "And in the mean time we can watch yon distant vessel, and

calculate upon where it can be going, upon what it bears along with it, or whether those who stand upon its deck are pleased or sorry to be borne away."

"Or," said Caroline, who appeared to have caught the same idea, "we can imagine with what feelings some are awaiting its arrival on a distant shore."

Her companion sighed deeply, and then looked earnestly into her face. "How came you to think of that?" said he.

"Ah!" replied Caroline, "I know such a sad, sad story of one who waited for an India ship, arriving with his wife and children."

"Who told you such a story?" asked Dr. Grant.

"My dearest friend, Ellen Manners," replied Caroline.

"What! my niece Ellen?" exclaimed her companion.

"And pray who are you?" asked Caroline, suddenly startled by his manner.

"My niece," he answered, "always calls me Uncle Granville, and not unfrequently, her *dear*

uncle, with many other flattering epithets, which it would not become me to repeat."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Caroline, her face covered with blushes.

"I do assure you it is the truth," replied Dr. Grant, with a smile a little more sarcastic than Caroline liked playing upon his lips. "You thought Ellen's boasted uncle had been a very different person from me. Now tell me honestly, did you not?"

"I cannot tell you what I thought," said Caroline, "but now I know that I have been a very foolish girl, for I have allowed a silly prejudice to deprive me of the opportunity of enjoying your society, which I had expected, if I should ever have the privilege of meeting you, would be the greatest pleasure of my life. And now" — she was about to add more, but a choking sensation in her throat forbade her giving expression to her thoughts.

Her brothers, on their return, were surprised to find their sister leaning upon the arm of their beloved companion, as they walked away from the shore; and regretting, even more than they did,

the long separation which all were anticipating for the morrow. Uncle Granville was about to sail for India. It is almost unnecessary to say that Caroline Bentley never forgot the feelings which accompanied those *parting hours*.

WINTER SONG.

Summer joys are o'er;
Flowerets bloom no more;
Wintry winds are sweeping:
Through the snowdrifts peeping,
Cheerful evergreen
Rarely now is seen

Now no plumed throng
Charms the woods with song;
Ice-bound trees are glittering;
Merry snow-birds twittering,
Fondly strive to cheer
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see
Many charms in thee;
Love thy chilly greeting,
Snow-storms fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights.

THE ANGEL.

As soon as a good child dies, one of God's angels descends upon the earth, takes the dead child upon his arm, spreads out his large white wings, and flies over all the places that were dear to the child; and plucks a handful of flowers, which he then carries to heaven, in order that they may bloom still more beautifully there than they did here on earth. The loving God presseth all these flowers to his bosom; but the flower that he loveth best he kisseth; and then it receives a voice, and can sing and join in the universal bliss.

An angel of God related this as he bore a dead child to heaven; and the child heard, as in a dream; and they flew over all the spots around the house where the little one had played, and they passed through gardens with the loveliest flowers.

"Which one shall we take with us and plant in heaven?" asked the angel.

And a beautiful slender rose-tree was standing there; but a wanton hand had broken the stem, so that all the branches, full of large half-open rose-buds, hung down quite withered.

"The poor tree!" said the child; "take it, so that it may bloom again on high with the loving God."

And the angel took it, and kissed the child; and the little one half opened his eyes. They gathered some of the superb flowers; but they took the despised daisy and the wild pansy too.

"Now we have flowers," said the child, and the angel nodded; but they did not yet fly up to heaven.

It was night; it was quite still. They stayed in the great city; they floated to and fro in one of the narrowest streets, where great heaps of straw, of ashes and rubbish, lay about; there had been a removal. There lay broken potsherds and plates, plaster figures, rags, the crowns of old hats; nothing but things that were displeasing to the sight.

And amidst the devastation the angel pointed to the fragments of a flower-pot, and to a clod of earth

that had fallen out of it, and which was only held together by the roots of a great withered wild flower; but it was good for nothing now, and was therefore thrown out into the street.

"We will take that one with us," said the angel, "and I will tell you about it while we are flying."

And now they flew on; and the angel related:

"Down yonder, in the narrow street, in the low cellar, lived once a poor sickly boy. He had been bed-ridden from his very infancy. When he was very well indeed, he could just go a few times up and down the little room on his crutches; that was all. Some days in summer the sunbeams fell for half an hour on the little cellar-window; and then, when the boy sat there, and let the warm sun shine upon him, and saw the red blood through his small thin fingers, then it was said, 'Yes, he has been out to-day.' All he knew of the wondrously beautiful spring time—the green beauty of the woods—was from the first bough of a beech-tree that a neighbor's son once brought him; and he held it over his head, and dreamed he was under the

beeches, where the sun shone and the birds were singing.

"One day in spring his neighbor's son brought him some wild flowers also, and among them was by chance one with a root; it was therefore planted in in a flower-pot and placed in the window close by his bedside. And a fortunate hand had planted the flower; it thrived, put forth new shoots, and every year had flowers. To the sick boy it was the most beautiful garden—his little treasure upon earth; he watered and tended it, and took care that it got every sunbeam, to the very last that glided by on the lowest pane. And the flower grew up in his very dreams, with its colors and its fragrance; to it he turned in dying, when the loving God called him to Himself. He has now been a year with God—a year has the flower stood in the window withered and forgotten, and now, at the removal, it has been thrown among the rubbish into the street. And that is the flower, the same poor faded flower, which we have taken into our nosegay; for this flower has caused more joy than the rarest flower in the garden of a queen."

"But how do you know all this?" asked the child which the angel was carrying up to heaven.

"I know it," said the angel; "I was myself the little sick boy that went on crutches; I must surely know my own flower again."

And the child opened his eyes and looked in the beautiful calm face of the angel; and at the same moment they were in heaven, where was only joy and blessedness.

And God pressed the dead child to his bosom; thereon it became winged like the other angel, and flew hand in hand with him; and God pressed all the flowers to his bosom, but the poor withered flower he kissed; and a voice was given to it, and it sang with all the angels that moved around God.

And they all sang, great and small; the good dear child, and the poor field-flower that had lain withered among the sweepings in the narrow dingy street.

MY PLAYMATE.

So full of mischief is the boy,
That tricks are half his day's employ;
The kitten in his pocket rides,
And fifty other things besides!

A pony next the boy must have,
Hedges and ditches careless brave;
A pack of hounds, his favorite friends,
A brush to fear new courage lends.

A dog he cannot live without,
To echo back stentorian shout;
And taught to sit, and stand, and walk,
The accomplished dog will *almost* talk!

Time passes on—boyhood has gone,
But still the dog is all his own;
The playmate of the boy appears,
The faithful friend of after years.

LITTLE IDA'S FLOWERS.

"Poor flowers, you are all withered!" said little Ida. "Yesterday evening you were so pretty, and now all your leaves are drooping! What is the reason of it?" asked she of a youth sitting on the sofa, and whom she liked very much, because he told her fairy-tales, and cut out pasteboard houses for her. "Why do these flowers look so faded?" asked she again, showing him a withered nosegay.

"Don't you know?" answered he; "your flowers have been all night at a ball, and that's the reason they all hang their heads."

"Flowers cannot dance!" continued little Ida.

"Certainly they can! When it is dark, and we are gone to rest, then they dance about right merrily. They have a ball almost every night!"

May children go to the flowers' ball too?" asked little Ida.

"Yes," answered the youth. "Little daisies and convolvuluses."

"Where do the prettiest flowers dance?"

"Have you never been in the large garden just outside the gates, where the king's country-house is, and where there are so many flowers? You have surely seen the swans that come swimming towards you when you fling them bread? The flowers have balls there, I can tell you."

"I was there yesterday with mamma," said Ida; "but there were no leaves on the trees, and I did not see a single flower. Where were they then? There were so many there in summer!"

"They are in the palace now," said the youth. "As soon as the king quits his summer-palace, and goes to town with his court, all the flowers run directly out of the garden into the palace, and make a merry there. If you could but see it once! The two most beautiful roses seat themselves on the throne, and play at king and queen. Then the red cockscombs range themselves in rows on both sides, and make a low bow; these are the gentlemen of the bed-chamber. Then the nicest flowers enter, and the ball begins. The blue violets are midshipmen, and they dance with hyacinths and cro-

cuses, which they call young ladies. The tulips and yellow lilies are old dowagers, who are to see that all is conducted with propriety."

"But," said little Ida, quite astonished, "may the flowers give a ball in the king's palace in that way?"

"No one knows anything about it," answered the youth. "It 's true, sometimes the old inspector of the palace comes up stairs in the night with his great bunch of keys, to see if all is safe; but as soon as the flowers hear the rattling of his keys, they keep quite still, and hide behind the long silken window-curtains. 'I smell flowers here,' says the old inspector; but he cannot find out where they are."

"That 's very droll," said little Ida, clapping her hands. "But could I not see the flowers?"

"Of course you can see them," answered the youth. "Only peep in at the window when you go again to the palace. I looked in to-day, and I saw a long pale white lily reclining on the sofa. That was a maid of honor."

"Can the flowers in the Botanical Garden go

there too?" asked she. "Are they able to go all that way?"

"Certainly, for if the flowers choose, they can fly. The pretty red and yellow butterflies, that almost look like flowers, are in reality nothing else. They have jumped from their stems, they move their leaves as if they were wings, and so fly about; and as they always behave well, they are allowed to flutter hither and thither by day, instead of sitting quietly on their stems, till at last real wings grow out of their leaves. Why, you have seen it often enough yourself. However, it may be that the flowers in the Botanical Garden did not know that there was such a merry-making in the king's palace of a night. But I'll tell you something; when you go there again, you have only to whisper it to one flower, that there is a ball at the palace; one will tell it to the other, and all the flowers are sure to fly there. Then when the professor of botany comes into the garden, and does not find any of his flowers, he will not be able to comprehend what has become of them."

"Oh!" said little Ida, somewhat angry at the

strange story, "how should the flowers be able to tell each other what I say? Flowers cannot speak!"

"No, they cannot; there you are quite right," continued the youth; "but they make themselves understood by gestures. Have you not often seen how they bend to and fro when there is the gentlest breeze? To them this is as intelligible as words are to us."

"Does the professor understand their gestures, then?" said little Ida.

"To be sure he does. One morning he came into the garden and remarked that a great stinging-nettle was on very intimate terms with the leaves of a pretty young pink. 'You are so beautiful,' said the nettle to the pink, 'and I love you so devotedly!' But the professor would not suffer anything of the sort, and tapped the nettle on his leaves—for those are his fingers; but he stung himself, and from that day forward he has never ventured to touch a stinging-nettle."

"Ha! ha! ha! that was good fun," said little Ida.

"What 's the meaning of that," said a professor of mathematics, who had just come to pay a visit, "to tell the child such nonsense?" He could not bear the young man, and always scolded when he saw him cutting out pasteboard figures—as, for example, a man on the gallows with a heart in his hand, which was meant for a stealer of hearts; or an old witch riding on a broomstick, carrying her husband on the tip of her nose. Then he used to say as he did now, "What 's the meaning of that—to teach the child such nonsense? That 's your stupid imagination, I suppose."

But little Ida thought it was very amusing, and could not forget what the youth had told her. No doubt her flowers did hang their heads because they really had been to the ball yesterday. She therefore carried them to the table, where all sorts of toys were nicely arranged, and in the drawer were many pretty things besides. Her doll lay in a little bed, to go to sleep; but Ida said to her, "Really, Sophy, you must get up, and be satisfied with the drawer for to-night; for the poor flowers are ill, and must sleep in your bed. Then perhaps

they may be well by to-morrow." So she took the doll out of bed; but the good lady made a wry face at being obliged to leave her bed for the sake of the old flowers.

Ida laid the withered flowers in her doll's bed, covered them up with the counterpane, and told them to lay quite still, and in the mean time she would make some tea for them to drink, that they might be quite well to-morrow. And she drew the curtains close all round the bed, so that the sun might not shine in the flowers' eyes.

The whole evening she kept on thinking of what she had heard, and just before going to bed she ran to the window where her mother's tulips and hyacinths were standing, to whisper to them, "I know very well that you are going to the ball to-night." But the flowers seemed as if they heard nothing, and moved not a leaf.

When she was in bed she thought how nice it would be to see the flowers dancing at the king's palace. "Have my flowers really been there?" But before she could think about the answer, she had fallen asleep. She awoke again in the night;

she had dreamed of the youth and the flowers, and of the professor of mathematics, who always said she believed everything. It was quite still in the sleeping-room; the night-lamp burnt on the table, and her father and mother were fast asleep.

"I wonder if my flowers are still in Sophy's bed?" said she. "I should like so much to know!" She sat up in her bed, looked towards the door, which was half open, and there lay the flowers and her playthings all as she had left them. She listened, and it seemed to her as if some one was playing on the piano in the room, but quite softly, and yet so beautifully that she thought she had never heard the like.

"Now, then, my flowers are all dancing for certain!" said she. "Oh, how I should like to see them!" But she dared not get up, for fear of awaking her father and mother. "If they would but come in here!" But the flowers did not come, and the piano sounded so sweetly! At last she could bear it no longer—see the dance she must; so she crept noiselessly out of bed, and glided

towards the door of the drawing-room. And what wonders did she behold!

The night-lamp burned no longer; and yet it was quite light in the room, because the moon shone through the window and illumined the whole floor. All the hyacinths and tulips stood in two rows in the drawing-room, and before the windows was nothing but the empty flower-pots. The flowers danced figures, and held each other by the long leaves. At the piano sat a large yellow lily, that Ida thought she had seen before; for she remembered that the youth had once told her that this lily was like Miss Mary Smith, and that everybody had laughed at him for saying so. Now, it seemed to her that the lily really was like the young lady, and that she had quite the same manners when she played; for now she bent her long sallow face first on one side, and then on the other, and nodded with her head to keep time. Now a large blue crocus rose leapt upon the table where Ida's toys were laying, went straight to the bed, and drew the curtains. There lay the sick flowers; but they got up directly and saluted the other flowers, who

begged them to join the dance. The sick flowers really did get up, looked no longer ill, and danced merrily with the rest.

Suddenly a dull sound was heard, as if something had fallen from the table Ida cast her eyes in that direction, and saw that it was the rod she had found lying on her bed one Shrovetide morning, and which now wanted to be looked upon as a flower. It was indeed a charming rod; for at the top a little wax figure was hidden, with a broad-brimmed hat on like the professor, and it was tied with red and blue ribands. So it hopped about amongst the flowers, and stamped away right merrily with its feet; for it was the mazourka that it was dancing, and this the flowers could not dance, for they were much too light-footed.

All at once the wax figure in the rod became a tall and stout giant, and cried out with a loud voice, "What 's the meaning of this—to teach the child such nonsense? But this is your stupid imagination, I suppose!" And now the doll grew just like the professor, and looked as yellow and cross as he did; they were as like as two peas. But the paper

flowers with which the rod was ornamented pinched his thin lanky legs, and then he shrunk together and was a doll again. Little Ida thought this scene so funny that she burst out a laughing, which, however, the company did not remark; for the rod kept on stamping, till at last the professor of mathematics was obliged to dance too, whether he would or not; and whether he made himself stout or thin, big or little, he was forced to keep on, till at last the flowers begged for him, and the rod then left him in peace.

A loud knocking was now heard in the drawer where the doll lay. It was Sophy, who, putting out her head, asked, quite astonished, "Is there a ball? why was I not told of it?"

"Will you dance with me?" said the nut-crackers.

"A fine sort of person indeed to dance with!" said Sophy, turning her back on him. She seated herself on the drawer, and thought that one of the flowers would certainly come and fetch her to dance. But no one came. She coughed: "Ahem! ahem!" Still none came. Then the nut-crackers

began dancing alone, and he did his steps by no means badly.

When Sophy saw that not one of the flowers came to offer himself as partner, she suddenly slipped down on the floor, so that there was a terrible fuss, and all the flowers came running to inquire if she had hurt or bruised herself. She was not hurt at all; but all the flowers were very complaisant, particularly those belonging to Ida, who took this opportunity to thank her for the nice bed in which they had slept so quietly; and then they took her by the hand, and led her to the dance, while all the other flowers stood round in a circle. Sophy was now quite happy, and begged Ida's flowers to make use of her bed after the ball, as she, for her part, did not at all mind sleeping one night in the drawer.

But the flowers said: "We are very much obliged to you indeed; but we shall not live so long, for to-morrow we shall be quite withered. Beg little Ida to bestow upon us a grave in her garden near her canary-bird; there we shall appear again next summer, and grow more beautiful than we were this year."

"No, you shall not die!" continued Sophy, vehemently, kissing the flowers. Suddenly the door of the drawing-room opened, and a whole row of flowers came dancing in. Ida could not comprehend where these flowers came from, unless they were the flowers from the king's pleasure-grounds. In front danced two beautiful roses with golden crowns, and then followed stocks and pinks bowing on every side. They had too a band of music with them; large poppies and peonies blew upon pea-shells till they were red in the face, and lilies of the valley and blue-bells joined their tinkling sounds. Then came a crowd of the most various flowers, all dancing,—violets, daisies, convolvuluses, hyacinths; and they all moved and turned about so prettily, that it was quite a charming sight.

At last the happy flowers wished each other good night; and now little Ida slipped into the bed again, and dreamed of all the splendid things she had just beheld. The following morning, as soon as she was up and dressed, she went to the table where her playthings were, to see if her flowers were still there. She drew the bed-curtains aside, and—yes!

the flowers were there, but they were much more withered than yesterday. Sophy too was in the drawer, but she looked dreadfully sleepy.

"Can't you remember what you had to say to me?" asked little Ida. Sophy, however, only looked very stupid, and did not answer a word.

"You are not at all good," said Ida, "and yet all the flowers asked you to dance with them." Then she chose a little box of pasteboard from among her playthings; it was painted with birds, and in it she laid the withered flowers. "That shall be your coffin," she said; "and when my cousins from Norway come to see me, they shall go to your funeral in the garden; so that next summer you may bloom again, and grow more beautiful than you were this year."

MY SISTER'S PEARLS.

I HAD a little sister once,
So loving and so gay,
The lambs upon the sunny lawn
Were not more fond of play;
Her voice was like a tiny flute —
I think I hear it yet;
The music of her merry laugh
We never shall forget.

They told me I should guard her well,
And keep her safe from harm,
Should wrap my kerchief round her neck,
And hold her with my arm;
In summer I should pluck the bough,
Her fairy face to fan,
And watching her so tenderly,
Should grow into a man.

It happened once upon a time
When meadow-grass was long,

We sat within a leafy bower
  Listening the cuckoo's song;
My little sister said she heard
  It three times more than me.
I said she did not; and there grew
  A strife for mastery.

I know not how I could be wroth
  With such a tiny thing;
So like a flower upon its stock —
  A snowdrop in the spring —
A lily with its dark green leaves —
  A little fairy-bell;
So much like smiles, and yet like tears,
  We loved her, too, so well.

It seemed as if within my breast
  An evil spirit woke;
A string of pearls was round her neck,
  I snatched them, and it broke.
And now, the merry laugh is still,
  My little flower is gone;
And I have but the scattered pearls
  To play with all alone!

THE NIGHTINGALE.

CHINA, you know, has an emperor who is a Chinese; and all those he has around him are Chinese people too. It is a long time ago now, but just for that very reason it is worth while to hear this story, before it is forgotten.

The emperor's palace was the most magnificent in the whole world, made entirely of the finest porcelain; so costly, but also so fragile, that one was really obliged to take care when one touched it. In the garden the most curious flowers were to be seen, and on the most beautiful, little silver bells were fastened, which kept on tinkling, in order that no one might pass by without remarking the flowers. Yes, all was so cunningly devised in the emperor's garden, and it extended so far that the gardener himself did not know where the end was; if one went further, then one came into a most beautiful wood, with high trees and deep lakes. The wood reached back a great way, to the very sea, which

was deep and blue; great ships could sail close under the branches. And amid these boughs there dwelt a nightingale, which sang so sweetly that even the poor fisherman, who, however, had many other things to do, stood still when he was out at night to draw his nets, and listened to the nightingale. "How beautiful it is!" said he; but then he was obliged to go about his work and forget the bird; but the following night, when she sang again and the fisherman came out, he said anew, "Oh, how beautiful it is!"

From all parts of the world came travellers to the city of the emperor, and they admired it, and the palace, and the garden; but when they heard the nightingale, they all said, "However, this is the best!" And when the travellers returned to their homes, they related what they had seen, and the learned men wrote many books about the city, and the palace, and the garden; but they did not forget the nightingale; she was placed first; and they who could write poetry all wrote the most charming verses about the nightingale in the wood near the deep lake.

The books went round the world; and so at last one reached the emperor. He sat in his golden chair, and read, and read, and every moment nodded his head; for he was pleased with the splendid description of the city, and the palace, and the garden. There, too, stood these words: "But the nightingale is the best of all."

"The deuce!" said the emperor; "the nightingale! I know of no nightingale! Is such a bird in my dominions, and, moreover, in my garden? I never heard of it!—and that one must first learn such a thing from books!"

Hereupon he called his chamberlain. He was so high a personage that no one of inferior rank dare address or speak with him; and when any one did venture to ask him anything, he only answered "P!" and that has no meaning.

"Why, they say there is a most curious bird here, called a nightingale," said the emperor; "they say it is better than anything in my whole empire; what 's the reason I have not been informed of it?"

"I have never heard her mentioned before," said

the chamberlain; "she has never been presented at court."

"It is my will that she comes here and sings this very evening," said the emperor. "The whole world knows what I have, and I know it not!"

"I never heard her mentioned before," said the chamberlain; "but I will go and look for her."

But where was she to be found? The chamberlain ran up stairs and down stairs, through halls and corridors; not a single person whom he met had heard anything of the nightingale; and the chamberlain ran back again to the emperor, and said it was certainly only a tale invented by the persons who wrote the books. "Your imperial majesty must not believe what is written. It was nothing but a device, and a thing called the black art."

"But the book in which I read it," said the emperor, "was sent me by the mighty emperor of Japan, and therefore it cannot be an untruth. I will hear the nightingale! She shall come here this very evening! She enjoys my highest favor; and if she do not come, then after supper I'll have the tattoo played on every courtier's back!"

"Tsing-pe!" said the chamberlain; and again he ran up stairs and down stairs, and through all the halls and corridors; and half the court ran with him, for they did not much like having the tattoo played upon their backs. There was such a questioning about the wonderful bird that the whole world knew of, but which nobody at court had ever seen.

At last they met a poor little girl, employed in the kitchen, who said, "The nightingale! Oh, I know it very well! How she can sing! Every evening I am allowed to carry my poor sick mother the remnants from table,—she lives down yonder near the shore,—and when I come back, and stop to rest in the wood, then I hear the nightingale! The tears always come into my eyes; it is just as if my own mother was kissing me!"

"Little kitchen-maid," said the chamberlain, "I will get you a permanent place in the kitchen, besides a permission to see his majesty the emperor dine, if you can lead us to the nightingale; for she is announced for this evening."

So then they all went together to the wood, where the nightingale used to sing; half the court

was with them. As they were going a cow began to low.

"Oh," said the court pages, "there she is! The power is really extraordinary for so small an animal! I am certain I have heard her once before already."

"No, those are cows bellowing," said the little girl; "we are still far from the place."

The frogs in the pond croaked.

"Admirable!" said the Chinese court-chaplain; "now I hear her; it sounds just like little church bells!"

"No, those are frogs," said the little kitchen-maid. "But now, I think you will soon hear her."

The nightingale began to sing.

"That is she!" said the girl; "hark! hark! and there she sits!" And she pointed to a little gray bird upon a bough.

"Is it possible!" said the chamberlain. "I did not fancy she would be so! How the simpleton looks! She has doubtless changed color at the sight of so many personages of rank."

"Little nightingale," said the maiden quite aloud, "our gracious emperor wishes you to sing to him."

"With the greatest pleasure!" said the nightingale; and she sang so that it was a delight to listen.

"It sounds like glass bells," said the chamberlain; "and look at the little throat, how it moves! It is extraordinary that we never heard her before. She will have wonderful success at court."

"Shall I sing to the emperor again?" asked the nightingale; for she thought the emperor was present.

"My excellent nightingale," said the chamberlain, "I have the inexpressible pleasure to require your attendance this evening at a court-festival, where you will delight his imperial majesty with your charming song."

"It is heard to far greater advantage in the green wood," said the nightingale; but she followed willingly, when she heard it was the emperor's wish.

The palace was decked out in fine style! Walls and floors, which were made of porcelain, glittered from many thousand golden lamps; the most beautiful flowers, and those which tinkled best, were placed in the corridors; there was a bustle and a

draught, and then all the bells tinkled so that one could not hear oneself speak.

In the middle of the grand saloon, where the emperor sat, a golden perch was erected; on this the nightingale was to sit. The whole court was there, and the little kitchen-maid had received permission to stand behind the door; for she had now the rank and title of an efficient kitchen-maid. Everybody was in full dress; and everybody looked at the little graybird, to which the emperor nodded.

And the nightingale sang so beautifully that tears came into the emperor's eyes—tears rolled down over his cheeks; and then the nightingale sang more beautifully still; her song went to the heart; and the emperor was happy; and he said the nightingale should have his golden slipper, and wear it about her neck. But the nightingale thanked him; she was rewarded sufficiently already. "I have seen tears in the emperor's eyes; that is to me the greatest treasure. The tears of an emperor have a peculiar power. Heaven knows, I have reward

enough!" and she sang again with her sweet and lovely voice.

"It is the prettiest piece of coquetry ever known!" said the ladies around, and they took water in their mouths, to make a clucking noise when they spoke; they then thought themselves nightingales; yes, even the lackeys and ladies-maids gave notice that they too were satisfied; and that is saying a great deal, for they are the most difficult of all to please. Yes, the nightingale was very successful. She was now to stay at court, to have her own cage, as well as the permission to fly out twice by day, and once by night. Twelve servants were given her, who all held a silk riband tied to her leg; and pretty tight they held. There was no pleasure in such a flight.

The whole town spoke of the wonderful bird; and when two persons met, one said "night," and the other, "gale;" and then they sighed, and understood each other. Yes, the children of eleven citizens were named after her; but not a single one could sing even a note. One day there arrived a

great parcel for the emperor, and on it was written, "nightingale."

"Here we have again a new book about our celebrated bird," said the emperor; however, it was no book, but a little piece of mechanism, which lay in a box; an artificial nightingale, which was meant to look like the living one; but set all over with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. As soon as the artificial bird was wound up, it could sing one of the songs which the real nightingale sang; and then the tail went always up and down, and glittered with silver and gold. Round its neck was a little riband, on which was written, "The Nightingale of the Emperor of Japan is poor in comparison with that of the Emperor of China."

"That's splendid!" exclaimed every one; and he who had brought the nightingale immediately received the title of "Imperial Chief Nightingale-bearer." "Now they must sing together! that will make a fine duet!"

And so together they were obliged to sing; but it would not do very well, for the real nightingale sang in her way, and the artificial bird was moved

by wheels. "It is not his fault," said the chief musician; "he keeps time wonderfully well, and is formed exactly after my school." Then the artificial bird was to sing alone. He had just as much success as the real nightingale; and, besides, he was so much prettier to look at; he shone like bracelets and breast-pins.

Three-and-thirty times did he sing the same piece, and yet he was not at all tired; everybody would have liked to have heard it again from the very beginning, but the emperor thought that now the real nightingale ought to sing something; but where was she? No one had observed her fly out of the open window, away into the green wood.

"But what is the meaning of that?" said the emperor; and all the courtiers scolded, and thought the nightingale a most ungrateful animal. "We have the best bird still," said they; and for the four-and-thirtieth time they had the same piece, but they did not know it quite, it was so difficult; and the chief musician praised the bird so exceedingly; yes, he even asserted it was better than the real nightingale; not only as regarded appearance and

the many diamonds, but also the inside. "For look, your majesty," said he, "and you, ladies and gentlemen; with the real nightingale one never can calculate beforehand what is to come; but with the mechanical bird all is determined; it will be so, and not otherwise; one can explain it, one can take it to pieces, and show the human contrivance; how the wheels are placed, how they move, and how one follows after the other."

"Just my opinion!" cried everybody; and the chief musician gained permission to show the bird to the people on the following Sunday. "They should also hear him sing," said the emperor; and they did hear him, and were as pleased as if they had been enjoying themselves with tea—for that is truly Chinese; and all said "Oh!" and held up their forefinger and nodded. But the poor fisherman, who had heard the real nightingale, said, "It sounds pretty enough—it sounds nearly like; but a something is wanting—I know not what."

The real nightingale was banished the empire.

The artificial bird had his place on a silken cushion, close to the emperor's bed; and all the

presents he received, gold and precious stones, lay around him; and he had risen in rank to be "Imperial Bed-chamber Singer;" in rank Number One, on the left hand; for the emperor considers the side on which the heart is as the more exalted; and the heart is placed on the left side, even with an emperor. And the chief musician wrote five-and-twenty volumes about the mechanical bird; which were so learned, and so long, and with the most difficult Chinese words, that every one said he had read and understood them; for otherwise he would have been thought stupid, and would have had the tattoo played upon his back.

Thus passed a whole year; the emperor, the court, and every Chinese, knew each clucking sound of the song by heart; but just on that very account they found it so beautiful; they could now accompany the song of the bird; and they did so. The boys in the street sang "zi-zi-zi—kluk-luk-luk;" and the emperor sang it too. Oh, it certainly was very beautiful!

But one evening, when the artificial bird was in the best part of his song, and the emperor lay in

bed and listened, "snap!" went something in the inside of the bird; a something made "burrrrr!" all the wheels ran round, and the music ceased!

The emperor jumped quickly out of bed, and sent for his private physician; but what good could he do? Then he sent for the watchmaker; and at last, after much debate and examination, the bird was in some measure restored; but the watchmaker said it must be taken great care of; for the pegs were nearly worn out, and could not possibly be renewed; at least not so as to play with any certainty.

That was a source of lamentation; only once a year did they dare to let the artificial bird sing; and there was a difficulty even about that; but then the principal musician made a little speech with difficult words, and said it was just as good as formerly; and after that it *was* just as good.

Now five years had passed; and there was a great mourning throughout the land; for in reality all cared a good deal about their emperor. He was now ill, and would not live, it was said; a new emperor was already chosen; and the people

assembled before the palace and asked the chamberlain how the emperor was.

"P!" said he, and shook his head. Chill and pale lay the emperor in his ample, magnificent bed; all the court thought he was dead already, and each one hastened to salute the new emperor; the lackeys ran to chatter about it, and the ladies'-maids had a great tea-party. Everywhere around, in all the halls and corridors, the floor was covered with cloth, so that not a footfall might be heard; and that was the reason it was so still—so very still. But the emperor was not yet dead; stiff and pale, there he lay in the magnificent bed, with the long velvet curtains, and the heavy golden tassels; high above, a window was open, and the moon shone down on the emperor and on the artificial bird.

The poor emperor could hardly breathe; he felt as if something was pressing on his chest; he opened his eyes, and saw it was Death that sat on his breast, who had put on his golden crown; in one hand he held the golden sabre, in the other the splendid banner of the emperor; and around, from the folds of the great velvet curtains, peeped out the

strangest faces, some quite ugly, and others so pleasing, so mild!

They were all the good and evil deeds of the emperor, which stared him in the face now that Death was sitting at his heart.

"Dost thou remember this?" whispered they, one after the other. "Dost thou remember that?" and then they recounted so much that the drops of sweat stood on his forehead.

"I never knew of this," said the emperor. "Music! music! the great Chinese gong," cried he, "so that I may not hear all they are saying!"

But they went on; and Death nodded his head like a Chinese to all they said.

"Music! music!" screamed the emperor. "Oh, dear little artificial bird, sing—oh, sing! I have given thee gold and precious things; I have even given thee my golden slipper to hang around thy neck; sing, then—oh, sing!" But the bird stood still; for no one was there to wind it up—and without that he did not sing; and Death continued gazing at the emperor with his great empty sockets; and it was quite still the while—terribly still!

Suddenly was heard, very near the window, the tones of the sweetest song; it was the little live nightingale, that was sitting on a bough without. She had heard of the severe illness of her emperor, and was now come to sing to him, and bring him hope and consolation; and as she sang, the forms became fainter and fainter, the blood flowed quicker and quicker through the emperor's weak limbs, and even Death listened, and said, "Go on, little nightingale; go on."

"And wilt thou give me the magnificent golden sabre? Wilt thou give me the splendid banner and the emperor's crown?"

And Death gave all these emblems of royalty for a single song; and the nightingale sang on; and she sang of the peaceful church-yard, where the white roses bloom, where the lilac exhales its fragrance, and the fresh grass is bedewed by the tears of the survivors. Thereon Death felt a longing after his garden, and, like a cold white shadow, floated hoveringly out of the window.

"Thanks, thanks!" said the emperor. "Thou heavenly little bird, I know thee well! I banished

thee my dominions, and yet hast thou, by thy song, dispelled the evil faces from my bed, and Death from my heart. How shall I reward thee?"

"Thou hast already rewarded me," said the nightingale; "I saw tears in thy eyes when I sang to thee for the first time; that I shall never forget. Those are jewels that gladden a singer's heart! But now sleep, and get refreshed and well. I will sing to thee!" And she sang, and the emperor fell into a sweet sleep; and oh, how calm, how restorative, was that sleep!

The sun shone in at the window when he awoke, strengthened and restored to health; not a single one of his servants was come back, for they all thought him dead; but the nightingale still sat there and sang.

"Thou shalt always stay with me," said the emperor; "thou shalt only sing when it pleaseth thee; and as to the artificial bird, I'll dash it into a thousand pieces."

"Do not do that," said the nightingale; "why, he has done what he could. Keep him a while longer. I cannot take up my abode in the palace;

but let me come when it pleases me; then I will sit of an evening on the bough near the window, and I will sing to thee, that thou shalt be at once glad and thoughtful. I will sing to thee of the good and the evil which lies hidden around thee. The little songster flies far from here, to the poor fisherman, to the cottage of the peasant, to all that are far from thee and thy court. I love thy heart more than thy crown; and yet has the crown an odor of sanctity about it. I will come, I will sing; but one thing must thou promise."

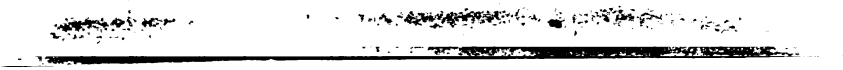
"All!" said the emperor, and he stood in his imperial robes, which he had himself put on; and held the sword, which was heavy with gold, next his heart.

"One thing I beg of thee! Tell no one that thou hast a little bird which relates thee everything! It will be much better not."

And then the nightingale flew away.

The servants came in to look after their dead emperor—yes, there they stood; and the emperor said, "Good morning!"

A.T. Patchin



THE HEIRESS.

'T was on a bright May morning, when the birds
did gayly sing,
And the waving woods were vocal with the melody
of spring,
There stood a youthful maiden before her father's
door,
All rich in wealth and beauty—what could she wish
for more?

Her father's lands around her stretched far on every
side,
His flocks and herds were grazing in pastures deep
and wide,
He had grain within his garner, and splendor in his
hall,
And she who sighed for something else was youth-
ful queen of all.

Say, little child of penury, what think you did she wish?—
For the earth to yield her silver dew, the ocean golden fish?—
For brighter gems around her brow, where health its garland wreathed—
Or food for thee, thou famished one—was that the wish she breathed?

Oh listen, gentle gales of spring; and listen, sweet May flowers!
There are many kinds of suffering in this fair world of ours;
And she who stands in ermine robes beside the rich man's door
Is sighing to the passing gale—"I wish that I was poor!"

"I wish I was a peasant girl clad in a russet gown,
And trudging barefoot on my way, along the grassy down;
I'd pluck the wild rose for my hair, the violet for my breast,
And seek the stately halls again, where oft I've been a guest.

"The lady gay with jewels decked—the rich and noble lord,
Who come with all their retinue, and throng my father's board,
They tell me of their constant wish to serve me more and more;
Oh should I not be happy then, if only I was poor?

"They say it is a shame that I should be a rich man's child,
That my looks alone might win a throne, so beautiful and mild;
That one such gift had been enough to make me more than blest;
And thus, I fain would take their word, and throw away the rest.

"Yes, I would be a peasant girl, so pretty, and so poor,
It would be such a pleasant life, to stray from door to door.
The only treasure I should keep would be my gentle dove,
And that because I have not learned to do without its love.

"Oh I would be a peasant girl, so simple and so neat,
I should only have to tell the rich I had no bread to eat;
And all the gifts they promise now would soon be poured on me."
Say, little child of penury, how are they poured on thee?

Nay, weep not; there are many tears shed on the rich man's floor;
And she who stands in ermine robe is wishing she was poor;
She is tired of all the luxury, the fashion, and the form,
That make her father's hearth so cold, while thine is often warm;

She is tired of all the empty words that fall upon her ear,
And fail to make her truly feel to one fond bosom dear.
There is a joy she cannot taste, within her halls of pride,

A love which want and misery have sorely proved and tried.

Oh! little child of penury, droop not thy lowly head,
Thou hast a thousand, thousand gifts, in rich abundance spread;
Thou hast the warmth of nature's heart, wherever thou may'st go,
And more—thine own to sympathize in every human woe.

Thou hast the song of summer birds, the wild flowers on the lea,
The music of the mountain-rill—these are all gifts to thee;
Thou hast along thy lonely path, a heavenly Father's love,
His everlasting arms beneath—his canopy above.

SELF-IMPORTANCE;

OR, A FABLE OF THE ROOKS.

In a beautiful and well-wooded country, combining every advantage of air and scenery, stood a noble castle, and near this castle a grove of stately elms, in which a family of rooks had been established for so long a time, that the old gardener, who lived in the castle, and whose father had lived there before him, had never heard of a time when the rooks did not inhabit these trees; that is, during the busy time of their building, for it is well known that at other seasons of the year rooks are by no means particular to remain in the neighborhood of their native place. They return, however, to the trees where their nests are built, always about the same time of the year. This place is generally near to the abodes of man, and so unwilling are they to change their homes, that sometimes a town has been built at the foot of a rookery without the birds being driven away. Even in the very heart of

London, there is still remaining one tree or more, of stunted growth, in which a couple of rooks persist annually in building their nest, and very curious it is to hear their rural cawing in the midst of rolling carriages and bustling feet.

It is a well-known fact, too, that rooks return every year, at almost precisely the same time, to their spring residence, generally in the month of March, and often remain there all night for the first time on the same day of the month.

From the time of first remaining in the rookery all night, the birds never leave their trees, except for the purpose of obtaining food, or materials for building, until their young ones are fully fledged, and capable of accompanying their parents on longer flights. They then leave the trees altogether, returning only on occasional visits, as if for the pastime of some idle hour, and uttering then so soft and musical a cry, in comparison with their spring discord, that they would scarcely be known by their voices to be the same birds.

But it was of one particular rookery we were writing—a rookery of the olden time; and very

large and very noisy was this family of birds, and yet upon the whole so well regulated, that you might have walked about beneath their habitations on a summer's evening without hearing them, for they always went to sleep at the same time of the day, and remained quite still until the sun peeped over the eastern hills in the morning. Then some of the old fathers awoke, and rousing the others with a loud caw, they all stood up and stretched themselves, and flapped their wings, and flew away —away into the distant fields and woods, where they spent their time in seeking food, and then, when they were satisfied, flew back again to their elms, and to the homes they loved best.

Above these trees they would often wheel round and round at a great height, and then all come down together, settling in the branches with a loud noise, as if talking over all they had seen and met with during the day; and from the general uproar, when they came home in the evening, you might have thought they had been doing all that ever had been done in the whole world, and telling to those who were not so knowing as themselves, how it

ought to be done. Indeed, they were very important people in their own estimation, as may be supposed by the following speech, delivered by one of their fathers to an impertinent magpie who was in the habit of perching on a neighboring tree, and chattering so loud that the rooks could not hear themselves quite so much as they wished; besides this, they did not like the chattering sound of the magpie's voice at all. It was too much like laughing; and they saw no reason why anybody should laugh at them. They were a grave people, and did everything as it ought to be done. The magpie was surely ignorant of their importance, and laughed from want of information. So one day, when the old rook was both tired and angry with his trifling and impertinent companion, he began to tell the magpie of his name, and his history, thinking, if he knew all about the greatness and antiquity of his family, he would never laugh at him again.

"We have lived here," said the rook, "always. These trees are ours, and the fields, and the wide sky, and everything we can see. It is true there are some tall creatures without wings, that walk

about below us, who seem to think they have a share in our possessions, and sometimes act in a manner which we do not altogether understand, and which there is every reason to believe they do not understand themselves. Besides which, they cannot fly at all, in consequence of their want of wings, but keep always on the ground, sometimes looking up very anxiously at us, and no doubt wishing they were like us in everything.

"I have heard my father say, that when he was losing his first feathers, they had a small nest where that large one has since been built; and I myself can remember, when I first peeped out from over the edge of our nest, seeing far below me the walls which they were then making, and which they must have thought very high; for many persons were busy climbing to the top with a great deal of difficulty, and carrying stones upon their shoulders to make them higher. I pitied them then, and have pitied them many times since; for we live near together, and are very friendly. Indeed, I hardly know how they could live without us, for they never seem to know anything but what we tell them.

Shut up in their great dark house, they would not even know when the sun rose, if we did not awake them; but when we begin to move, and caw, and flap our wings, very soon some of the doors of their nest open, and then in a short time out come two or three men with dogs, and they sometimes go together into the fields or the garden, and carry different things about, evidently wishing us to notice them. Sometimes we see other men going out into the fields, where they plough up the soil and scatter in grain; but whether entirely for our benefit, or partly for their own, we have not been able exactly to decide. My grandfather held the former opinion; but there are now living different members of our family who believe that these people sow the grain for themselves. However that may be, it would never grow, so as to do them the least service, if we did not walk over the land, and diligently pick up all the grubs, for these strange people are capable of very little themselves, and would in all probability be quite unequal to the swallowing of a single grub.

"But what is most wonderful of all, these people would never know the change of the seasons, except

by watching our motions; for no sooner do we come from the distant woods, and settle in the branches of these trees, and begin to build our nests, than they go forth into the open air to enjoy the sunshine, and the flowers, and the light of the long days. And then in the autumn when we go back into the woods, they shut themselves up in their dark house again, and put on more feathers, knowing by our movements that winter is near at hand.

"There is one subject, however, on which I am sorry to say they are not yet awakened to a right understanding. That is, the extreme folly and danger of carrying about a certain long instrument, which sometimes breaks out into a sudden flame with a loud and terrible noise; and mournful it is to relate, that the loss of many of our family is to be attributed to this cause. Whether this creature be really an instrument, or a living thing acting from its own will, we are at a loss to determine, for its effects are so dreadful, that we seldom stay long to observe it, after we have seen it come out of the house. It is always in the spring, when we have just reared up our lovely children, and our happi-

ness is complete, that the greatest loss takes place. It is possible these people foresee the great difficulty we shall have in providing food for our offspring, and therefore think it kind to relieve us of some portion of our burden; for certain it is, that when we have ventured to remonstrate with them, for a long time the fire and destruction ceases, and we are allowed to return to our quiet, and too often deserted nests, for the night; nor do they ever trouble us so much again, until the following spring, when they see us once more laboring for the maintenance of our children.

"Except in this single instance we have uniformly found our neighbors teachable and obliging, willing, as they ought to be, to learn from us their superiors, and pleased to be instructed by those who know better than themselves. I might mention many striking instances of this, and there is one in particular, which took place many years ago, but which is still distinctly remembered by some of the oldest members of our family. I have been told by my father, that there was once a time when a great many small black houses, walking upon wheels, came

out from the court of that great house; that they moved slowly along, with a great many people following them, almost all at the time in black, and evidently endeavoring to look as much like us as they could. Indeed, they had bunches of feathers very much like our feathers, all around the largest of these moving houses, so that there can be no doubt at all as to what their real intentions were. Besides the folly of these attempts, our grandfathers, who were very wise birds, saw plainly that this would never do. Already these inferior creatures had become black like ourselves, and seeing that feathers were beginning to grow around and about them, the next thing would be that they would fly up into our trees, and take possession of our nests. No, this would never do. A consultation was held on the moment. All saw the case alike, and up flew the whole community, with such a tremendous outburst of horror and indignation, that our neighbors were completely deterred from returning to their home, and from that day very few of them were seen about the place for many years.

"There was a good deal of regret amongst the

rooks at having driven them entirely away, for upon the whole, they had been pleasant neighbors to our colony, but this proof of their obedience was so agreeable to my grandfather, that I have often heard him speak of it with satisfaction. The younger portion of the family, however, were not a little pleased, some time after this, to see the doors of the great dark house thrown open again, and people going in and out, looking almost as busy as we are when beginning in the spring to build our nests. It is very probable some of the people were building *their* nests, too, or rather repairing the great nest, for unlike us, they seem not to know the comfort and advantage of only two of their community having a nest entirely to themselves. My father was always of opinion that they must have been building, for many things were carried into the house which never came out again, and altogether there was an appearance of pleasure and activity which nothing but the business of building and preparing for a family could account for. To the great surprise of the rooks, however, another procession of moving nests appeared one day in the distance, coming onward

very rapidly towards the house, and but for one circumstance, all our family would again have shown their disapprobation by driving them away. This circumstance was, that, instead of being black, the company were nearly white, and those who were the most visible had large white spots upon their heads, placed there on purpose, as my father said, to testify their conviction that they had formerly done wrong in imitating us, and were now determined to do right.

"From this time we have had no trouble with our neighbors. They come and go in peace; and so long as we take care of their food, and tell them the seasons, and the time of day, they appear to live pretty comfortable upon the whole.

"These two acts of rebellion being all we have to complain of, we conclude that both have arisen from the very imperfect knowledge of our neighbors, and their being unable entirely to understand our musical language, and consequently the reasoning we make use of to bring them to a better sense of things in general. Indeed, when we consider how dark and close their house must be, and how difficult it is for

them to go abroad, for want of wings, there is more reason to pity than to blame their ignorance; for what can they know of the great world in which we live, except as they peep sideways at everything? while we soar aloft in the clear sky, and look down upon the world, our sight taking in a great multitude of objects at once. The very storms which frighten them until they close up the holes of their nests, only make us expand our wings to sail forth in safety as upon a great ocean of wind, wheeling through the air with the speed of lightning, and ever and anon resting upon some slender branch, which sweeps and dances to and fro, rocking us to sleep with its easy and delightful motion.

"Thus, my friend, you see that we are lords of the whole world, for we can discover that the creatures which I have been describing are superior to all other animals. We, therefore, as being superior to them, are sovereigns of the whole world."

The old rook had scarcely finished his concluding and most impressive caw, by which the magpie was awed into momentary silence, when there issued

from the house a tall young gentleman, accompanied by two or three laborers, who, placing themselves beneath the elm, began to look up and around, as if consulting about some important business, to be done quickly, and well. One of the men held in his hand a coil of thick rope, and the other, laying down an enormous axe, ran in great haste to fetch a high ladder which he placed immediately against the tree, from whence the speech of the rook had just been heard.

Now was the time for the magpie to peep about him, to look this way, and that, and then to laugh his very loudest, as the strokes of the axe began to be heard fall fast about the root of the tree.

The poor old rook! neither he nor any of his family staid longer, to see more, but flew away with great speed to a distance; while the magpie thought it rather curious, that those noble and wise birds, who were so much superior to all other creatures in the world, should behave so exceedingly like people who are very much afraid.

The men went to work with all their might, and by the aid of others, who were sent to their assist-

ance, soon made a large opening into the trunk of the tree; while they pulled every now and then at the rope which was fastened to one of the strongest branches.

After loud consultation on the top of a hill, the rooks at last determined to return. The case might not be so bad as they had at first been disposed to fear. They heard nothing like the firing of their old enemy, and they knew of no other. Indeed, what other could they have? Their neighbors were so ignorant, and so helpless from their want of wings, they had no means of reaching them in their exalted position—at the top of those lofty trees. They began to think they had taken a false alarm, and two or three young rooks of the male species strutted about with great dignity, declaring *they* had never been afraid—not they. It was their aunts, and their cousins, and some of the old fathers. *They* had only flown away out of civility towards the rest, to keep them in countenance, and, in short, to encourage them to go back—*they* afraid—indeed! and they spread out their tails, and held up their heads, and cawed as if the world was their own.

Encouraged by the words of these brave fellows, the whole party at last flew up in preparation for their return, determined at least to behold what was going on, if there really should be any mischief in the case. They took the precaution, however, to wheel many times in wide circles round and round, high up in the air, and had just reached the spot from whence they could look down upon their own nests, which they were viewing with cautious eyes, not knowing whether it would be quite safe to descend, when down went the great elm with a tremendous crash, its roots tearing up the ground, and its branches rattling with a noise as loud as thunder.

At that instant the magpie again set up his impertinent chattering in a neighboring tree; and the poor old rook, quite humbled by what he had seen and heard, sat down upon a branch without the power to caw.

How little were these self-important birds aware that in all the calculations, and all the movements, of the class of beings inhabiting the castle situated near them, the rooks themselves, with all their wisdom and gravity, held no share! That when the

great funeral procession moved onward from the court-yard of that stately building, no ear was for an instant turned to listen to them, with all their cawing, and the flapping of their many wings; that neither the bride brought home to her husband's ancestral home, nor any of her attendants, were aware of the existence of a rookery; and that when years had passed away, and the young proprietor of that castle, with its rich and beautiful grounds, determined on felling the old timber, he never gave a thought to the community he was thus dislodging, and depriving of their ancient home!

The question with you, and with us, young reader, is this—Are there not other self-important beings besides this old rook, who, looking upon their own affairs through a magnifying medium, believe that everybody else is thinking of them, and that they are in reality the centre of the whole world?

THE PET-KITTEN.

DEMURELY sitting on the wall,
Who quickly hears me when I call,
And runs to play with string and ball?
My playful Kitten.

While Pussy anxious watch shall keep,
Who dares upon the table leap,
Into my cup to take a peep?
My nimble Kitten.

Who slyly gives my knee a tap,
Then gently jumps into my lap,
And settles down to take a nap?
My sleepy Kitten.

Who, full of life, and fun, and play,
Gambols with me the livelong day,
Or mourns when I am gone away?
My loving Kitten.

Engd by A.H. Hutchins, NY

THE PET KITTEN.

And when I enter at the door,
Who stands and purrs upon the floor,
And seems to think her troubles o'er?
My darling Kitten.

Though many other kits I see,
And some, perhaps, as gray may be,
Not one shall dare compare with thee,
My own pet-Kitten.

MAY DACRE'S FIRST LESSONS.

"GOOD-BYE, my little May; be a good child, and a comfort to your old grandfather!" So saying, Mr. Dacre put back the thick brown curls, which, to-day, a most unusual circumstance, hung over her face, and kissed her eyes, which were closed, for May had resolved not to cry; still the long dark lashes were moist with the tears they repressed. May was lifted, in silence, into the carriage, when, instantly jumping out again, she ran to her grandfather, and almost sobbed, though the childish voice was steadied with a resolution which would have done honor to nineteen instead of nine. "My dear grandfather, I did not say good-bye; I will do everything I am told, I will be so very—very good!" and our little heroine ran back eagerly to the carriage.

May Dacre was an orphan, but utterly unsaddened by the memories which make the sorrow of an orphan. The darling and the delight of her grand-

father, she had never known a grief which had not been shared—a care which had not been soothed. Her whole life had been spent in the country, and her cheek was as red as the roses which had grown up with her, and her step was as light as the wind, and, to say the truth, nearly as unchecked. Little, affectionate, kind-hearted thing!—having her own way was not quite so bad for her as it usually is—still it was bad enough. The warm feelings, uncontrolled, had degenerated into passionate ones; the lively temper, uncurbed, was grown wayward and violent; the mind, uncultivated, became idle and vacant; and at the age of nine, May Dacre was headstrong, rude, ignorant, and awkward; in short, running as wild as any neglected shrub in the garden. Day after day was spent in scampering over the grounds, her only comrade a white greyhound as wilful as herself. Companions she had few; for, from neighbors of their own station they lived at a distance; and the children of the peasantry shrank from one whom extreme indulgence had rendered selfish and overbearing. May saw she was disliked, and also felt her own deficien-

cies, for only last Christmas she had been taught her first lesson in mortification. Now, bitter, but useful mortification is the stepping-stone to knowledge, even in a child.

Mr. Dacre had a daughter, Mrs. Harcourt, who, together with a fine family, lived at a distance. But last Christmas she and her four daughters had volunteered Mr. Dacre a visit. May had been impatient for the arrival of her cousins, to a degree that had put a stop to either sleeping, eating, playing, or indeed any faculty but talking; she would do this, that, and the other, (to use a favorite phrase of her nurse's,) when her cousins arrived. Nay, her generosity had risen in imagination even to letting them have her pony,—a little, rough, wild animal, which once or twice had nearly broken her neck, but was, nevertheless, a prodigious favorite. The day arrived; she was awake long before, and up as soon as it was light, though she had been duly informed it was impossible they could arrive before evening.

Expectation makes a long day. Her poor old grandfather was worried almost out of his life, and quite out of his arm-chair. First she thought dinner

never would be ready, which, when it came, she was too impatient to eat. Tea was expected and passed in precisely the same manner, and, as the evening closed in, her impatience was quite unbearable. At last, to put a stop to the incessant opening and shutting the door, and the still more incessant questioning, one of the servants gave her some chestnuts to roast, and May drew her stool to the fire.

A soft drizzling mist prevented the carriage from being heard as it drove up the avenue, and the bustle in the hall first announced the arrival of visitors. May threw her stool down and her chestnuts into the fire, and flew to welcome them. A most noisy welcome it was.

Mr. Dacre thought to himself, "Five children! why, the old house will be about our ears."

"What is the matter?" said the clear, cold voice of Mrs. Harcourt, as May threw her arms around her second cousin's neck, and dragged her forward with an energetic hospitality worthy the feudal times. Miss Harriet was disengaged from her cousin's embrace, and May shrank back with a feeling of surprise, if not of fear. Mrs. Harcourt proceeded

towards the dining-room where her father was sitting, unable to move with the gout, followed in the quietest manner possible by her daughters. She approached Mr. Dacre, regretted there should be such a drawback as his gout to the happiness of their meeting, observed he looked well in the face, and requested permission to present the young ladies. Each severally stepped up to their grandfather, said they were glad to see him, and presented their cheek to be kissed; princesses could not have done it with more courtesy or more coldness. Mrs. Harcourt then asked for her niece, and May, for the first time in her life, felt reluctant to be noticed; she was kissed by her aunt, and afterwards by her cousins; and each young lady then took a chair, where they sat upright and silent, as if they had been images of good behavior.

"As the night is so very cold, you may come a little nearer the fire," said their mother.

The four moved their chairs forward at once, and then resumed their stillness and silence. May, almost unconsciously, pushed back her stool, which was drawn close to the fender. Mrs. Harcourt

talked to her father, and the young ladies looked at each other, and at the stranger slightingly enough. May felt, rather than saw, that the looks had more of contempt than it was quite agreeable to suppose directed to herself. She glanced at them, from time to time, when she thought herself unobserved. The Misses Harcourt seemed beings of another nature; and, naturally enough, exaggerating their advantages, found her self-estimate greatly lowered in the contrast. She felt a secret consciousness of being ridiculous—a feeling singularly prompt to enter a childish mind; and, moreover, she was disappointed, though she knew not well how. With what joy did she hear supper announced!—and hastily assuming a seat, began to heap her cousin's plates with every delicacy in her reach. Faint "No, thank you's" rewarded her trouble, when Mrs. Harcourt said, in her chilly, but dictatorial manner, "Do you allow Miss Dacre to eat all this pastry? I never allow my daughters to touch anything so unwholesome!" And May saw, with dismay, her cousins sup upon a roast apple, a piece of bread, and a glass of plain water.

Nine o'clock struck; "Young ladies, you will bid your grandfather good-night."

"May, love," said Mr. Dacre, "show your cousins to their room." "I thank you," interposed their mother, "but the Misses Harcourt's maid is in attendance."

The young strangers courtesied and withdrew. It must be owned May had been accustomed to loiter at her grandfather's knee, nay, even to sip out of his old-fashioned cut-glass goblet of wine and water, but to-night she disappeared as quietly, and even more silently, than her cousins. She left the room with an intention of visiting them, but paused from sheer timidity as she reached the door. While hesitating, she heard Miss Harriet's voice in a much louder key than was used down stairs.

"Well, did you ever see such an uncouth creature as our new cousin—dressed such a figure! Why she 's a complete Hottentot!"

May withdrew indignantly to her bed, and there fairly cried herself to sleep. Not, however, till she had reflected a full hour, touching what "a Hottentot" could possibly be.

"Give me my darkest frock," said May to the old servant who dressed her. She had already contrasted her appearance with that of her guests; and, in her mind's eye, saw herself in—alas, for poor May's taste!—a frock of brocaded silk, where each large flower covered half a breadth; it had been a gown of her grandmother's; its gay colors had marvellously attracted her childish admiration, and she had never rested till a best frock had been made from its ample folds. Besides the hues of the rainbow in her garb, she had also decorated herself with divers strings of colored beads and bugles, twisted about a neck and arms which eagerness and cold had dyed a double red. Moreover, she contemplated her curled head—(her hair curled naturally)— with no sort of satisfaction. She recalled the strangers, dressed in dark green merino frocks, up to the throat and down to the wrist; the gloves, which were almost part of the hands they covered; the neat black slipper—May thought to herself, "mine were down at the heel;"—and then their heads—the youngest had the hair simply parted back; in the second it was allowed to curl in the

neck; the third had it also curled in the front; while Miss Harcourt, the eldest, had already arrived at the dignity (and an epoch it is in a young lady's life) of having her hair turned up behind, and a comb. "She is hardly three years older than I am," thought May.

May's step was always light, and her voice always soft, when she tripped into her grandfather's dressing-room to make her daily inquiries. To-day her manner was more than usually subdued. "I expect my little girl," said Mr. Dacre, "will learn a great deal from her cousins. Mrs. Harcourt, my daughter, tells me they are uncommonly forward in their education."

"Pray," said our heroine, "do tell me what is meant by a Hottentot."

"They are a peculiarly hideous and brutal race of savages in Africa."

Poor May asked no further questions. Mrs. Harcourt now arrived to breakfast with her father. The young ladies had taken theirs an hour before, but just came in to wish Mr. Dacre good-morning, and

then departed. May looked after them, and felt as if she had no right to her usual place.

"Is it possible," exclaimed Mrs. Harcourt, "that you suffer Miss Dacre to have chocolate for breakfast? It is what I would not allow one of my own children to touch."

To be called "Miss Dacre,"—to be eating what her visitors would not be allowed to partake!—she could not swallow another spoonful. Chocolate was no indulgence to her, at all events, to-day. Mrs. Harcourt, after breakfast, proposed her niece should accompany her to what was to be the school-room.

"During Miss Dormer's holidays I take the office of governess on myself."

How endless the morning seemed to May—how wearisome the various catechisms out of which they recited dates, names, &c., in the dryest and most didactic order! And as for the harp, which the eldest Miss Harcourt practised for two hours, May wondered how she had ever liked music. The hours of study were succeeded by those of relaxation, and the four sisters proceeded to

walk up and down the terrace in the sun; beyond this their young hostess could not allure them. All her efforts for their entertainment were equally fruitless; they screamed when her greyhound came bounding towards them; shuddered, with half real, half affected horror, when she proposed a ride on her pony; and, when she challenged her youngest cousin to a race, she was struck dumb with their answer—that such very violent exercise was only fit for boys. But the climax of all was when Miss Elizabeth, the eldest, who drew, admired the bright red berries of a bunch of holly, and lamented that it was out of her reach. Immediately May, with much good-nature, and a little of the pride of usefulness, began scrambling up the tree, quite regardless of the prickly leaves, and succeeded in obtaining the desired bunch; but by the time she began her descent, the cries and ejaculations of the Misses Harcourt had brought their mother to the window, and from the window to the terrace itself. May swung by a bough to the ground, and found herself in the awful presence of her aunt. Blushing even deeper than the crimson which exertion had brought

into her face, May hesitatingly offered Elizabeth the stalk with its scarlet berries; Mrs. Harcourt, however, repulsed the proffered gift.

"I can permit no daughter of mine to take what has been procured in such a disgraceful manner; young ladies, you will return with me to the house."

Poor May was left standing by herself, equally dismayed and disconsolate, on the terrace. But the mortifications of the ensuing day were even more acute. It was her grandfather's birth-day, and each of the Misses Harcourt had some pretty present of their own work to offer him. The eldest brought a drawing—her latest and best performance; the second had netted him a brown silk purse; the third had embroidered a velvet case for his spectacles; and the youngest had hemmed a silk handkerchief, and neatly marked it with his name. And poor May had nothing to give. Her little heart swelled even to bursting, and she stole out of the room to hide her tears, that came thick and fast.

"Come back, my little girl," said her too indulgent grandfather.

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Harcourt; "young ladies, you may leave the room." The Misses Harcourt retired. "A very bad sign; Miss Dacre's crying shows so much envy."

Mr. Dacre did not quite agree with his daughter; but, as he had never contradicted her as a girl, it was not very likely he should do so now.

"You are ruining poor Frederick's child; she is quite a little Hottentot!"

"Oh," thought Mr. Dacre, "I now understand poor May's question." It is unnecessary to dwell quite as long as Mrs. Harcourt did upon May's deficiencies; but the result of the conversation was that with which our narrative commences, namely, May's going to school.

Drearily did the weeks pass with her grandfather; his existence suddenly missed its interest; for, with all her faults, May was kind-hearted and most affectionate. In the mean time his grand-daughter found the novelty of her situation with the Misses Smythe not so pleasant as novelties generally are. The silence, the stillness, the order—to say nothing of the lessons—were very dreadful in May's

eyes. Then she had the mortification of being behindhand with the very youngest of her companions. She had no available knowledge. True, her habit of reading aloud to her grandfather had given her a stock of information really uncommon at her age; but it was very miscellaneous, and not at all useful as regarded her present course of study. The rest of the girls, finding that at the age of ten she could do no more than read and write, immediately set her down for a dunce; and a new feeling, that of timidity, interfered sadly with her progress—for May was really a quick child.

All beginnings are very troublesome things, and such she found them. But all the early cares of education were nothing compared to her other sorrows. For the first time in her life she found herself utterly alone, an object neither of importance nor affection. Shy, keenly alive to ridicule, and unaccustomed to girls of her own age, she experienced insufferable difficulties in the way of getting acquainted with her schoolfellows; they were to her strangers, if not enemies. The trees in the garden seemed her only friends; a dwarf oak was an espe-

cial favorite—it reminded her of one at the hall. Her rural tastes at last led her into a great error. The gardener, a good-natured old man, whose heart inclined to a young lady whose interest in a patch of mustard and cress seemed almost as great as his own, one unlucky morning made her a present of a wicker cage containing a young owl, and a little frightful creature it was, to be sure. Still, had it been the celebrated green bird of the fairy tales, it could not have been more highly valued. In the first place, there was a mystery about keeping it, and we all know mysteries are very fascinating things. Moreover, it was something to love, and May soon loved it very dearly. But, alas! the necessary feeding of an evening involved a terrible breach of school discipline. Every night, after the teachers had carried away the lights from the young ladies' room, May used to slip out of bed, steal down to the garden, and feed the owl. For nearly a week no suspicion was excited; but one bright moonlight night, Miss Smythe, who had forgotten some order to the gardener, walked down to his cottage, which stood at the further extremity of the

garden. As she returned, her attention was attracted to a figure in white, gliding among the trees.

"Dear, dear! what mischief is going on now?" exclaimed Miss Smythe, whom long experience had made sage. In another minute she was at the culprit's side. "Gracious goodness!—she will catch her death of cold. Miss Dacre, you tiresome child, come with me into the house this minute!" In silence Miss Dacre obeyed, and in silence was put to bed again; and Miss Smythe departed with an assurance that the offence would be duly visited with punishment to-morrow. Every variety of punishment visited May's sleep that night.

The next day she passed in solitary confinement; "Not so much," said Miss Smythe, "for keeping the bird—that I might have permitted—but for the deception of the concealment." It made May's sorrow more acute to know herself how improperly she had acted. The day after she was seriously ill with a sore throat and cough, and had to get well on the cold comfort that it was entirely her own fault. Gradually, however, she was becoming more popular with her school-fellows. The first fortnight

had taught the useful lesson that she was of no consequence, the second brought with it the want of friends, and the third the wish to acquire them. She soon saw that she must put herself out of her way for the sake of others, and that kindness must be reciprocal; now, she was not naturally selfish, and its acquired habit soon wore off. From one extreme she ran into another, and the desire of popularity became an absolute passion. Her injudicious desire of obliging, right or wrong, led her into continual scrapes. So that when Mr. Dacre called to take May home for the holidays, he was told that his grand-daughter was quite incorrigible, and really required severer discipline than was practised at the Misses Smythe's establishment. May came there weeping, and so she left it. But her sorrow yet admitted of augmentation. Mrs. Harcourt and daughters were coming to the hall. They arrived fully aware why their cousin had left school. The next morning Mrs. Harcourt said, in her most ungracious manner, "Young ladies, I permit you still to offer Miss Dacre the presents you have brought her, though I fear, from what I hear, they will be of little

use." It must be owned the presents themselves were unreasonable enough, if six months at school were held sufficient to ensure their being a benefit. The eldest gave her a piece of music, scientific enough to have puzzled an advanced performer; the second gave her a box of colors; (for drawing May had not the least taste;) the third a volume of erudite patterns for lace, bead and other work; and the youngest presented her with an elegantly bound French treatise on botany, not a word of which she could read. Alas, poor May! Two days (but they were very long ones) only did Mrs. Harcourt stay. After her departure it was gradually discovered that, softened and subdued, May was certainly much improved by her having been at school. But a second absence from home was preparing for her. Mrs. Harcourt staid two days again on her way home. She had heard of a first-rate school; May's deficiencies were sedulously brought forward; and Mr. Dacre again convinced of the propriety of a remedy. This time Mrs. Harcourt herself consigned her to the care of Mrs. Weston, certainly with a very unflattered character. Depressed at parting with

her grandfather, mortified by her aunt, and remembering the ill success of her first trial, May sat down and cried in the window-seat.

The first week was very miserable. Embarrassed by so many strangers, hopeless with observing so much accomplishment in progress, May was in a state of depression that any person less in the habit of making allowances than Mrs. Weston would have taken for absolute sullenness.

One morning, while gazing sorrowfully on the parapet, and thinking how melancholy a window was that only looked on the tops of houses, she observed something dark on the wall. She opened the casement, and saw that it was a robin, lying apparently dead. A robin!—it was like an old friend. Forgetting all the trouble of which her last bird had been the cause, May caught it up, and found that it still showed faint signs of life. She wrapped it up in a handkerchief, and, putting it in her work-basket, hurried down stairs, intending to try and revive it with warm milk at breakfast. Previous to this there were some lessons to be said; and, while they were in progress, the robin, reäni-

mated by the warmth, escaped from the basket. No slight confusion succeeded, and, in her hurry to secure the captive, which only fluttered about faintly, May threw down a form. Of course an inquiry was made as to what caused the noise, and our heroine was brought, bird in hand, to Mrs. Weston. To May's extreme surprise, she met with no reprimand, but praise for her humanity; and Mrs. Weston herself helped to revive the poor bird. It was evidently a tame one, and May's delight and gratitude were unbounded when she received permission to keep it.

The system of kindness thus begun was most happily pursued; our heroine rapidly discarded from her mind the belief that it was quite in vain for her to attempt to do anything; she found that inclination and ability went hand in hand. Mrs. Weston easily saw that May Dacre had been at once over-indulged, and yet over-blamed; and that, while there were in her character the elements of much good, they were yet of a kind that were the soonest turned to evil. She was therefore repressed, but

not discouraged; and industry gradually became an enjoyment, and order a habit.

But, at the end of the first six months, a heavy disappointment awaited her. Mr. Dacre had written to say he would fetch her the following week; but, alas! that week only brought a letter from Mrs. Harcourt, saying that her father had been very ill, and that she had prevailed on him to accompany her family to Bath. Miss Dacre would, therefore, remain at school during the holidays. Poor May! Perhaps, however, this very untoward circumstance proved one of the most fortunate events in her life. Being the only young person left during the holidays under Mrs. Weston's care, much attention was directed to a disposition that well repaid the cultivation. May was conversed with as a sensible and a responsible being, and her naturally affectionate temper called into action by the discovery that she was really liked for herself.

School met again, and May was among the most gentle and the most assiduous. Christmas came at last, and with it her grandfather. May cried for joy as she threw herself into his arms; and Mr. Dacre

could hardly believe that the tall, elegant girl, who had prizes in every one of her studies to exhibit, could be the little, rude and ignorant May. The pain of parting with Mrs. Weston was the only drawback to her content.

Early lessons are invaluable ones, and May never forgot her first experiences. Out of mortification grew the desire of improvement; and this desire soon produced its effect.

All the better qualities of her nature were called into action by Mrs. Weston's judicious kindness. Frank, kind, and affectionate, at sixteen May Dacre was the constant companion and comfort of her grandfather. Feeling within herself at once the desire and capability of excellence—feeling, too, all the happiness which a well-regulated disposition and a cultivated mind are capable of diffusing—May often said, laughing, "I used to call Mrs. Harcourt my evil, but I ought to have called her my good, genius."

TIME.

WHAT is so swift, thou foaming river,
As thy bright waters in their flow?
Scarce on thy breast the sunbeams quiver
Ere, mingling light and foam, they go.

Time is more swift, for while the finger
Of hope would point some hour of joy,
Like evening tints that may not linger,
Dark shades of night that hour destroy.

Grieve not that thus, by Heaven directed,
Quick-rolling Time sweeps on his way;
But joy to think the thief detected,
Who steals our misspent hours away.

THE THREE GOLDEN PIPPINS.

ONCE there was a king of a far country, whose name was Ahmed Khan; he was very rich, and his palace was in the midst of wide-spreading gardens, full of aromatic flowers and luscious fruits. These gardens were watered by a river, where gold and silver fishes sported up and down in pursuit of the summer flies. On one side of these gardens there was an enchanted labyrinth, formed by high hedges of myrtles, and oranges, and citron trees, so thickly planted together that it was impossible to penetrate them. In the midst of this labyrinth was a beautiful silver temple, where grew an apple tree, with three golden pippins upon it. It was thought that any person who could get through the windings of the labyrinth into the temple, and carry away the three golden pippins, would be the happiest mortal on earth, because he might wish three wishes, and have them fully gratified — one for each pippin. Accordingly, a great many people had tried to get in, but

none ever returned to tell the tale of his adventures; so that at last people began to be terrified at the thought of making the attempt, and strange stories were told of the dangers that beset the pippins. Some said they were defended by a furious dragon, who destroyed every one that approached; others said the labyrinth led through dark forests, where wild beasts preyed on the travellers; and others again declared that a giant genie thrust them down into under-ground prisons, where they pined away for one hundred years on brown bread and water.

Now Ahmed Khan had one only daughter, whom he loved dearer than his life, and she was as good as she was beautiful. Her brother, Prince Hassan, had, by some unknown means, been carried off from the royal gardens when he was eight years old. He had been left to play about by himself, and whether he had fallen into the river, or whether a lion or a bear, from the neighboring forests, had run away with him, or what had become of him, could never be discovered. The king and Princess Fatima had mourned the death of Hassan for twelve long

years, and as all their diligent search after him had failed, they gave him up as lost. Still, however, Fatima, who was now eighteen, remembered with the greatest tenderness the happy time she had spent with her dear Hassan; when she called to mind the features of his countenance, and when the very tones of his voice seemed to sound in her ear, and she remembered the love which he had always shown for her, she melted into tears. "Alas! Hassan is gone, and I shall never see him again in this world. But why should I weep for him? he is now with good spirits, far happier than we are permitted to be on earth. I will try and not wish to have him back; but I will pray to the Almighty that I may be like him, and may meet him hereafter."

But to return to the Three Golden Pippins. One fine summer's evening, when Ahmed Khan was out hunting in the forest, Fatima, being fatigued by a long walk through the gardens in search of new flowers, had laid down on the mossy bank of the river, beneath the shade of a wide-spreading tulip tree, where she very soon fell asleep. Then she dreamed a dream. She thought a good genius, or

angel, with silver wings, beckoned her towards the enchanted labyrinth, and desired her to go boldly forward, and she should gain possession of the three golden pippins; but she shuddered at the thought, and this awoke her. All around was calm and quiet; only the birds were singing to each other from the branches of the trees; and again she fell asleep, and had the same dream as before; but the idea of venturing into the fatal labyrinth struck her with so much awe, that she again awoke; but still the third time her senses were overpowered by sleep, and the third time the good spirit pointed, and somewhat more sternly, to the entrance of the labyrinth, and in a voice of encouragement bade her proceed. So Fatima rose up, and considered what she ought to do. She had imbibed, from her earliest infancy, a great dread of the haunted labyrinth — its intricate paths and fabled dangers; but she could not divest her mind of the idea that she ought to follow what seemed to be the plain directions of the good genius. This last prevailed; and, without waiting for any further advice, but *not* without praying to God for protection on her journey, she entered the haunted place.

Fatima had the natural fears of a young and tender princess, but she had also great decision of character; and when once she undertook anything from a conviction that it was right, nothing could ever make her swerve from it; and no sooner did she find herself within the mazes of the labyrinth than her former fears seemed to diminish, and she hastened on for some time with a light footstep, her hopes predominating over her fears. By and by she came to a sudden stop in the path before her; she had taken the wrong turning to the left; but she went back as quickly as she came, and was careful now to go to the right instead. After winding and twisting about, first this way and then that, she had the mortification to find herself at the very same spot where she had been brought before; it was, at least, so like it that she supposed it must be: this, however, was not the case. One of the difficulties of the labyrinth was, that there was nothing to mark the distinction between the different hedges, or trees, or resting-places, by which adventurers could observe whether they returned to the same spot or no. Fatima sat down on a seat before her; she

was cheeerful and confident, and in a gay mood she exclaimed: "Oh, dear, how puzzling this is!" In a minute or two she felt quite rested, and away she went, in the true spirit of adventure, not doubting that she should succeed. The evening sun glittered on the topmost branches of the orange, and citron, and other kinds of trees, which proffered their inviting fruits, each seeming to cry, "Come eat me." The birds warbled on every side, the bees sucked honey from thousands of flowers, and the very air was full of the most balmy odors, all which imparted their influence to Fatima's naturally hopeful mind. She now felt that she had got considerably forward, and fancied that she must be near to the Silver Temple. It is true, she began to be somewhat tired and heated; but that she cared not for, if only she might gain the object of her desires. Away she went, with redoubled energy. By and by, the checks and stops multiplied upon her. Now she tried the right hand path, which led to nothing but a seat at the end of an alley; then she took to the left, and after some further windings found another seat which terminated another alley. Here, then, she was glad to

rest herself, and to refresh her parched lips with an orange that dropped sugar.

"Well, now," said she, "which way shall I go? Cheer up, heart, there's time enough yet;" so, having considered with herself for a few moments, off she set with a fresh bound, and traversed a thousand mazes, some of which were new, others the same as before — she was stopped here, and she was stopped there. But on she went again, and at the very moment when she thought she was on the point of success, she came to a complete standstill at another barrier. She paused for a minute; she perceived that the sun must have got lower down in the horizon, though she was unable to see how much of his course had run, owing to the high hedges on either side; the birds were silent, and already going to roost among the branches; the heavy laden bees were returning home to their hives, the air of the evening felt chilly, and poor Fatima was very tired.

"What *shall* I do?" she exclaimed, drawing a heavy sigh. Now, for the first time, she began to think she had acted very indiscreetly. Her father

might be returned from hunting, and had already missed her. This thought alarmed her. "*What shall* I do? It is as difficult to go back as to proceed. I have no chance of return, and if I had, I would go onwards." On she went, but no longer with the light elastic tread with which she had set out; her feet were sore, her joints were grown stiff by the length of her journey; the light began to grow dim; evening came on apace; the stars appeared one by one; only the complaining nightingale sent forth her plaintive note to the silent woods. Fatima stumbled over some stones that lay in the path; she recovered herself, and found that she was at the end of one of the many thousand turnings which she had so patiently threaded for several hours past.

"I can go no further," she exclaimed, and, sinking down on the seat of a honeysuckle bower, she felt altogether overpowered with fatigue, disappointment and alarm. She had no time to dwell in thought upon her forlorn situation; she was roused by the hideous laugh of a hyena, within a few paces of her. She started from the bower; terror added

wings to her flight, and, with the swiftness of the wind, she knew not how or whither, she gained an opening in one of the mazes of the labyrinth, and suddenly found herself within the vestibule of the Silver Temple! Instantly a flood of light overwhelmed her sight with its dazzling effect; her senses were bewildered by the sudden change from the danger of instant destruction to the long sought for refuge and object of her desires. Her limbs refused any longer to sustain her tottering frame, and she fell on the floor of the pavilion.

But what was her dismay when she immediately heard a deafening, crashing sound, as if a hundred brazen gates had been suddenly scrunched into atoms! Once more she started to her feet, and then she saw a gigantic genie standing before her. His black curly locks and beard almost concealed his grim visage; a huge club was in his right hand, which he whirled over his head, as if threatening her with instant destruction.

"Now I have thee!" said he, seizing her by the two wrists. "Now art thou mine! Down, down to the dungeons below this palace! So, so, thou

thought to pluck the golden pippins? but thou shalt suffer for thy boldness."

With this he dragged poor Fatima across the pavilion, and forced her down a stone staircase. After many winding passages were passed, they arrived at a small, low, dark, and gloomy cell, which was destined to be her prison, and there he left her to her own thoughts.

Fatima threw herself on her knees, and, so far from losing all her self-possession at this terrible encounter, it immediately occurred to her that this evil-minded genius was subject to the Good Spirit who rules over all, and that by His power she might be able to overcome his daring. To Him, therefore, she addressed herself, and she was heard, as all are who really confide in His willingness and power to help them in every danger.

She rose up comforted and fortified; her dark and noisome prison did not prevent her resigning herself to sleep on the small couch which was placed in the corner. There, fatigued in mind and body, she slept soundly and sweetly till the early dawn of morning. Then her former vision appeared again

to her, and said, in a cheering voice, "Fatima, be not afraid; your prayer is heard; I am near to you in your danger. Take this talisman, and, whenever the genius attempts to harm you, bring it forth from your bosom; no sooner will he catch a sight of it, than his power over you is at an end, and he will flee from you in an instant." With these words he reached forth his hand, and delivered to her a crimson book, bound in the richest velvet and gold, and on the outside cover was the figure of a golden cross. Fatima received the gift with reverence and gratitude, and quietly put it into her bosom.

She felt her courage fortified, and it was not long ere she had occasion to put it to the proof; for, almost immediately after, two mutes, clad in black, came to the prison, and led her up the stairs by which she had descended from the pavilion, and the next minute she found herself in the presence of the wicked demon. He waved his hand to the mutes, who retired from his presence. He paused a moment; then, with a wily look, he said: "Young maiden, thou art fair to look upon. I have prepared for thee a place in the gardens which belong to my

silver pavilion, where thou shalt be happy and free. Behold my kingdom!" Upon this a window suddenly opened, and Fatima had a distant view of most luxurious and beautiful gardens, crowded with a mixed multitude of persons, who seemed all in pursuit of some unattained object. The prospect was not sufficiently near for her to distinguish particulars; but her heart was depressed at the sight, for she fancied that all the motley crowd seemed uneasy and jaded, and jading one another; there was no calm, no rest, no self-satisfaction.

The genius did not give her time to make many observations, but interrupted her thoughts, and exclaimed haughtily, "Well, maiden, what thinkest thou of the prospect?" "I think," said she, "that I should prefer a prison to such unquiet liberty as that which I see yonder." "Have, then, thy will," he replied, with a savage look; "back to the dungeon!" With that he was on the point of seizing her by the hair of her head, to drag her down as before, when she retreated from him a few steps; then taking her talisman from the folds of her robe, "Avaunt," she said, "thou wicked genie!" holding

up the cross before him; "I charge thee touch me not!" The monster's eyes glared with horror and confusion: he trembled at the sign of his downfall; and immediately himself and his silver pavilion disappeared from before her eyes, and she found herself in a beautiful garden, diversified with the most enchanting views, and glowing with every fruit and flower which the imagination could either desire or picture to itself. In the midst of all was a small tree, on which grew three golden pippins.

She would not, however, put forth her hand to pluck the pippins till she had kneeled down in the midst of the garden to give thanks for her deliverance, and to pray for a blessing in the use of the prize which was before her.

This done, she came up to the tree; and no sooner did she touch the first pippin than it came off into her hand. "Wish a wish," said she to herself. "That I may behold and possess once more dear Hassan." Oh, her joy! the mutual joy of the young prince and princess! They flew to each other's arms, gazed and smiled, wept for joy, and smiled and gazed, and wept again. Hassan found

the little girl whom he had left twelve years since now grown into the most lovely and attractive young woman that eye could behold; and Fatima was delighted with the manly and noble beauty of her dear and long-lost brother, whom she had remembered only as a glowing and sprightly boy.

They had a world of histories to tell, and especially Hassan, whose adventures would be worthy of another tale. Arm in arm they hastened back, through the mazes of the labyrinth, which they threaded with perfect ease, being attended by a guardian to show them the way, and were quickly in the presence of Ahmed Khan, who had for some time suffered great anxiety on account of Fatima's unexplained absence; but what was his ecstatic delight on seeing her approach, and with her his long-lost, beloved Hassan! Who can describe the father's feelings? The other pippins were forgotten in the general joy which reigned in the happy palace of Ahmed Khan.

WHEN WE ARE HAPPY.

We are happy in the morning,
When we waken with the birds,
And join with theirs the music
Of our kind and pleasant words.
We are happy! we are happy!
As we kneel and humbly pray
That the beauty of the morning
May be with us through the day.

We are happy in the noontime,
When our morning tasks are done;
When we may sit beneath the shade,
Or play beneath the sun.
We are happy! we are happy!
There is no such word as woe
To the heart that doth with goodness
And with kindness overflow.

We are happy in the evening,
When the duties of the day
Are all performed, and not an hour
Has idly passed away.

We are happy! we are happy!
In the hushed and starry night;
For well we know our Father's love
Has made all moments bright.

We are happy! always happy
While our hearts are good and true;
We 're happy 'neath the winter's clouds,
Or summer's sky of blue.
It matters little where we dwell,
Or what our task may be;
The heart that ever serveth God,
Is ever glad and free.

3 2044 035 022 28